The Letters of Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

Written by John A. Rittinger



Part Two

1905-1910

Compiled by Kevin A. Martin

03/07/2025

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Introduction:

This volume will not include the general introduction to the author, the column, or the newspapers that the column appeared in. If you wish to read information on any of these topics, they are located in the introduction to Volume 1. This text will continue with *The Letters of Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.* from the year 1905 to the year 1910. Some letters will have additional forms found in the earlier 1920s reprint in the *Kitchener Daily Record* rather than just the 1960s reprint in the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq., läszt wieder einmal von sich hören.

Neischtadt, April 17, 1905

Mister Drucker!

Enklosed finscht mei Subskription fors Paper. Ich hab dich besuche welle wie du im Tschänueri in der Neischtadt worscht; mir hen awer an sellem Dag gebutschert und ich hab Bang gehat, dasz die Särah, was mei eirische Frah is, mir wieder Buschmalassig un Katzekraut in die Blutworscht mixe deht, wie sie es schun emol gemacht hot, wie ich Oweds mit ehme kleene Schwips heem kumme bin. Friher hot sie als ah Kerbsekern in die Schwademaage, sidder sie awer Schtohrzeehn dragt, kann sie sie nimmer gut knubbere.

Viel neies ist aus unserm Settlement und Nochbarschaft net zu reporte; dasz mir der Doktor bei der letschter Wahl geleckt hawe, hoseht vermuthlich gehert. Do ich awer schon so lang nix mehr fun mir hab here losse, will ich zuerscht "guten Owend" zu der Leser sage. Ich mach ah mei Bow, awer sell kenne sie net sehne und es is ah net nethig.

Der Winterweeze in unserer Nochbarschaft steht alleweil noch abaddig gut, un wann er net verfriert, ken Roscht dra kummt un blenty Rege un Sun kriegt, der Breis $2.50 des Buschel werd, werre juscht about die meenschte Baure mit mir iwereens schtimme, dasz des uns adlig gut kumme deht. Alle Mensche kann's unser liewer Herrgott jo net recht mache un wann er en Krab fun 1000 Buschel zum Acker schicke deht.

* * *

Ich will awer heit net iwer de Weeze schreiwe, sondern en Frog händle, die net oft genug in Consideration genumme werd: ich men die Ord un Weis wie viel fun unsere Med heit zu Daags gereest werre, und die Kochkunscht. Die Predige fange als generally ihr Predigt mit ere Schtory an, un ich will heit emol ihrem Exempel followere.

Es wor emol en Wittfra, die hot, wie des jo fascht iwerall der Fall is, sich sobald wie ihr erschter Mann halbwegs kalt wor im Grab, noch ehme zwete Mann umgeguckt, un es is ihr ah bald geglickt, widder en brave un dumme Kerl zu kätsche. Die Zwee hen so glicklich mit enanner gelebt, dasz des ganz Settlement sie beneid hot. Ah die Woman's Temperance Union hot dafu Wind g'kriegt und sie hen en Deputation appointed, um die Fra noch dem Geheimnisz und Secret zu frage, wie es wär, dasz sie un ihrer Mann so gut zu Weg kumme dehte.

"Feed the Brute," hot sie ihne geantwort, was uf gut deitsch so viel heeszt wie "Fiddert des Schof gut." Wenn des ah grad ken poetical Expression is, so is doch en ganze Wagelod Worret drin.

* * *

Es gedenkt mir noch ganz gut, wie ich's erscht Sauerkraut heemgebrocht un die Särah gefrogt hab, mir sell fors Middagsesse zu koche. Ich hab im Schwamm Riegel g'schaplte und wie ich Middags heem bin, is mir schun in der Lehn en Geruch und Schmell in die Nas gestiege, als ob en Schmied eme alte Esel der Huf verbrennt, um ihm en Eise ufzunagle. Wie ich in die Kich kumm, hot's geschtunke wie die Schockschwernoth, die Zwilling hen noch Odem geschnappt, der Hund hot geheilt und die Sally en Gesicht g'hat wie en gesoddener Krebs.

Un warum, Mr. Drucker? Weil sie net gewiszt hot, wie man de Dutchmen ihre Lieblingsesse kocht. Sie hot's Sauerkraut in der Pann im Backoffe gebröde g'hat. G'schmeckt hot's, wie wann ma Knowlig un Segmehl in Hooröl koche deht.

Wie ich kerzlich in der Countyschtadt wor, is mir noch de vier Nomidags en ganzer Schwarm Med mit Brille uf der Nas un Bücher unnerm Arm entgegen kumme. Uf mei Frog, was des for Weibsleid wäre, is mir gesagt worre, dasz es Schollars aus der High School wäre, un sie Ladeinisch, Philosophy, Mathematik, Algebra, Geometry, Viehsick, Syntax, Literatur, Chemie, Astronomie, Botanik, un viele annere Sache zu numerous und zahlreich um sie all zu mentione, studdire dehte.

* * *

Mir sin die Hoor zu Berg geschtanne un ich hab gewunnert, was des for Hausweiwer gewe were. Verschteht sich, Mr. Editor, ken Regel ohne Ausnahm, oder "Sic semper Casino," wie die Insching sage. Fun dem ganze Krahm, mehn ich, wär die Studdy fun Botäny noch es bescht, so dasz die Med nochher wisse, was für Gemüssorte un Vegetabels ma esse kann.

Experience und Erfahrung lehre, dasz viel Weibsleid, die en classical Education kriege, sich net viel um Hauserwert bekümmere; es Gescherrwesche, Windelwesche, Flicke, Schtricke, Koche un annere Hauserwert, steht unner ihrer Estimeschun. Sie müsse gleich en deihere Magd hawe un wann der Bettelsack an der Wand verzweifelt.

Ich mehn alsford noch, es wär en greszere Ehr for en Medel, wann sie weesz wie en gute Fleschsupp zu koche als die ganze ladeinische Declinschuns runner zu leiere; oder en gut Leeb Brod zu backe, als zu wisse ob die Misz Cleopatra rothwollige oder schwarzseidige Schtrimp geworre hot. Geb eme Medel en gute kammene Schuleducation un loss es dann bei der Mutter dichtig in der Haushalding mithelfe. All kenne sie jo doch net Schulmäms werre.

* * *

Wie viel fun der Weibsleid sin Schuld daran, dasz ihre Männer zum Schinder gehe? Dehte sie gut koche un die Haushalding sauwer fihre, dann dehte die Männer Oweds daheem bleiwe, un net bis Mitternacht in der Werthsheiser rumrutscher un des Geld verkloppe. Awer nee, sie zwacke nach am Geld ab, wo sie kriege um die Haushalding zu führe un henke es als Schtaat uf der Buckel.

Browiert ma mit so Weibsleid verninftig zu schwetze, so heeszt glei: "O, der Tscheck hot jo sei Lewe hoch inschurd, so dasz wann emol ebbes bassiere soll, ich un die Kinner net zu suffere breiche." Des is noch meiner Opinion en arme Consolaschun.

Nau Med vergesse net, was ich eich noch in Concluschun sag: "Der Weg zum Mann sei Herz, geht for kammen durch sei Mage."

Eier Freind,

JOE KLOTZOPP, Esq.

N.B. — Ich hab ah mei Lewe inschured. Wann ich schterwe sott, kriegt die Sälly die Interest fun meim Vermöge, awer so bald sie widder heiert, fallt alles ihrem zwette Mann zu, so dasz sie net lang Wittfra zu bleiwe braucht.

J. K., Esq.

N.B. No. 2 — Ich hab dir en poor Oschtereier schicke welle, awer die Särah hot gemehnt, die alte Dutch ideas were Humbug, un des Färwe deht zu viel Zeit eweg nehme.

J. K., Esq.

Joe Klotzkopp's voice is heard again

Neustadt, April 17, 1905

Mister Editor:

Enclosed you will find my subscription to your paper. I intended to visit you when you were in Neustadt in January, but since we butchered on that day I was afraid that Sarah, who is my Irish wife, would again mix maple syrup and catnip into my blood sausage, as she once did when I came home in the evening slightly tipsy. Formerly she also put pumpkin seeds into the head-cheese. But since she is wearing store teeth she can no longer crack them open so well.

There is little new to report from our settlement and neighborhood. That we elected the doctor as a member of Parliament in the last election is not news to you any more. But since I haven't sent a letter to you for a long time I want first of all to say "Good evening" to the readers. I also make my bow, but that they can't see and it is also not necessary that they do so.

* * *

The winter wheat in our neighborhood is still standing up well, and if it doesn't freeze, doesn't get rusty and gets plenty of rain and sun, and if the price will be $2.50 per bushel almost all of the farmers would agree with me that that would be just about right for us. Our good God could not please everyone even if he would send a crop of 1,000 bushels per acre.

But I don't want to write about wheat today, but rather deal with a question which is not discussed sufficiently; that is, the manner in which many of our girls are brought up nowadays, and about the art of cooking. The preachers usually begin their sermons with a story and I want to follow their example today.

There was once a widow, who according to the prevailing custom, looked around for a second husband before her first husband was even slightly cold in the grave. She had the good luck in catching an honest and stupid fellow. The two lived so happily together that the whole settlement envied them. The Women's Temperance Union also got wind of it and appointed a deputation to ascertain the secret, how it was that she and her husband got along so well.

* * *

"Feed the brute," she answered, which in good German would mean "Feed the sheep well." Even if this is no poetical expression there is nevertheless a whole wagon load of truth in it.

I can remember very well when I brought home the first sauerkraut and asked Sarah to cook it for me for dinner. I was splitting rails in the swamp and when I came home at noon an odor and smell already assailed my nostrils in the lane as if the blacksmith had burned an old donkey's hoof while nailing on a shoe. When I got to the kitchen it smelled to high heaven, the twins were gasping for air, the dog howled and Sally had a face like a boiled lobster.

And why, Mister Editor? Because she didn't know how one cooks a Dutchman's favorite dish. She baked the sauerkraut in a pan in the bake oven. It tasted as if you had boiled garlic and sawdust in hair oil.

When I was recently in the county town a whole mob of girls with spectacles on their noses and books under their arms came toward me after four o'clock in the afternoon. To my question what kind of females these were, I was told that they were scholars of the high school, and that they were studying Latin, philosophy, mathematics, algebra, geometry, physics, syntax, literature, chemistry, astronomy, botany and many other things too numerous to mention.

* * *

I became almost panic-stricken and wondered what kind of housekeepers they would make. Naturally, Mister Editor, there is no rule without an exception, or "sic semper casino" as the Indians say. Of this whole mess, in my opinion, the study of botany would be the best so that the girls later would know what kinds of vegetables you can eat.

Experience and practice teach us that many girls who get a classical education concern themselves little about housework. Washing dishes, washing diapers, mending, knitting, cooking and other household chores are beneath their dignity. They must immediately have an expensive maid, even if poverty is staring them in the face.

I still believe that it would do greater credit to a girl if she knew how to cook a good meat soup than to rime off all the Latin declensions; or to bake a good loaf of bread than to know whether Miss Cleopatra had worn red woollen or black silk stockings. Give a girl a good public school education and then let her busy herself assisting her mother in the household. It is clear that not all of them can become school teachers.

* * *

How many of the women are to blame that their husbands go to the devil? If they cooked well and kept a clean house then their husbands would stay at home at night and not cavort around in hotels and blow in their cash. But no, they even divert some of the cash with which they are supposed to run the household and put it as style on their backs.

If one tries to speak a sensible word with such a female, then the answer right away is: "O, Jake has a big insurance on his life, so that the children and I do not have to suffer if anything should happen." That is in my opinion a poor consolation.

Now girls, don't forget what I am in conclusion going to tell you: "The way to a man's heart is usually through his stomach."

Your friend,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B. — I have also insured my life. If I should die Sally will get the interest from my estate. But as soon as she gets married again everything will go to her second husband, so that she does not have to stay a widow for long.

J. K., Esq.

N.B. No. 2 — I wanted to send you a couple of Easter eggs, but Sarah said that the old Dutch ideas were humbug, and the coloring took too much of her time.

J. K., Esq.

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Berliner Journal.

Mundag, de 29. Mai,
des Monats 1905

Mister Dindeschmierer!

Do kerzlich wor ich bei der Missus Hufnagel in Normanby uf Besuch un die hot mir verzehlt, was mei alter Dappes, de Joe, als iwig die eirische Weibsleit in Dei'm Päper drucke dhut. Gebrillt hab ich vor Zorn un wann ich den alte Esel hendig g'hat het, ich het ihn by jinks en Lesson gelernt, die er net so schnell vergesse het.

So ganz ohne Schmisz isz er ah net derfu kumme, un wann Du ihn's näckscht Mol sehscht, so frog ihn emol, wu er die letschte zwee Wuche gestocke hot; wann er sagt, dasz er Rumadis im Kreiz un Zahweh g'hat hot, so kannscht Du ihm in meim Name sage, dasz sell en verdebte Lüg is. Dasz er Zahweh g'hat hot, glab ich recht gern, for mei Hand brennt heit noch.

* * *

Es is en harte Trick, en altes Schof danze lerne, awer in dene 20 Johr, die ich mit em Klotzkopp (Dickkopp sollt er eegentlich heesze) verheiert bin, hab ich doch so viel Deitsch gelernt, dasz ich ihm ah in der Zeiding de Roscht runner mache kann.

Please excuse mei bad spelling, mei Feder is arig schtump un die Dinde hab ich mir aus Weschbloh selwert gemacht, un do kann mer net so gut buchstawire, wie's de Käs wär, wann mer gut Stationäry hot.

Du sollscht Dich awer ah schämme, dasz Du meim alte Schmierlappe sei Nonsense abdrucke dhuscht; Du bischt ke Laus besser wie er. Isch Dei Missus net ah eirisch? O, ich wott, Du werscht mei Mann, ich dhet Dir weise, wer Baas in der Schänty wär. Sag Deiner Frah, sie soll mich emol en Woch lang besuche un ihre Holidays bei mir schpende, so dasz ich ihre Lessons gewe kann, wie mer die Männer zu händle hot.

* * *

O die scheinheilige Mannskerl! Befor sie geheiert sin, mehnt mer, sie wäre lauder Engel, nochher find mer aus, dasz sie Engel, mit eme "B" geschriewe, sin.

Der alt Labbes, der Joe, sott froh sei, dasz ich ihn genumme hab, er hot so lang gebettelt, dasz ich ihn geheiert hab, um ihn juscht los zu werre. Ich hab viel bessere Chances g'hat en Mann zu kriege, dorunner ah eener, der Schtorkieper in Neischtadt war un Hooreel uf seim Kopp gejuhst hot, statt ranzig Saufett, wie der Joe.

Un jetzt will der alt Schtoffel noch ahfange zu kritisire; was weesz der vum Druwel, den e Frah mit zehn kleene Kinner daheem hot? Owets hockt er im Wertshaus un kummt net vor 11 oder 12 Uhr hehm, un wann er hehm kummt, schtinkt er noch Limburger Käs, Bier un schlechte Cigärs.

Forletscht Woch hen die Kinner die Miesels un die Gripp gehatt; schtatt awer daheem zu bleiwe un mir zu helfe Kamillethee zu koche un die arme Dingercher mit Gensfett eizureiwe, hot er gesagt, er miszt in en politische Meeting, do die Country in Gfohr sei, un do wär es jedermann sei Pflicht, bei der Schpritz zu bleiwe.

* * *

Wann ich net wiszt, was for en Coward der Joe isch, ich het ihm wahrhanschlich g'glabt, wie er selle Owed hehm kumme isch. Gewackelt hot er, wie en g'stochene Gans, un's Haus schtinkt heit noch fun Schnaps. Schtatt Krumbeere hot er de neckscht Marge Pickels beim Dutzend g'fresse. Dafu schreibt der alt Lumb awer nix, hä!?

Ah iwer mei Kocherei will das alt Kameel schimpfe. Wann ihr Mannsleit mit eirische Weiber glaabt, dasz mir so dumm sin wie die deitsche Weibsleit un vun 9 Uhr Margets bis halb eens Mittags in de Kich rumpoke, um eirem Bauch abzuwarte, so seid ihr arig mischtäken. En halb Schtund margeds in der Kich isch lang genung for mich un wann der Joe mei Kocherei net gleicht, soll er selwert koche.

Vum Esse schreibt er, awer net wie sie Frah gedreszt sei soll. Ich will mei vier neie Dresses un drei Bonnets im Johr hawe, un wann ich sie net krieg, mach ich dem Joe's Lewe so verleed, dasz er winscht, dasz er niemol's Dagslicht gesehe het.

Ma musz juscht wisse, wie die Männer zu händle, un ich hab noch keener gesehne, vor dem ich Bang het. Sie sin wie junge Kelwer: wann sie laut brille, derf mer de Schtrick net zu teit ahziehe; wann sie sich awer ausgebrillt hen, kann ma ihre ganz gedroscht widder die Kett an de Halz lege.

* * *

Wie kummt's Mr. Drucker, dasz die deitsche Mäd, wo vun der Country in die Schtädt gehne, als Servant Girls zu schaffe, so geschwind uns englische Weibsleit nochaffe? Ah bei dene werd fascht de ganz Lohn, den sie verdiene, uf de Buckel gehenkt, un wann emol vun Sauerkraut geschwetzt werd, werre sie roth bis hinner die Ohrlappe un schwere, dasz sie ihr Lewesdags noch ken Sauerkraut g'sehne, gesse, g'roche oder gekocht hen.

O wie viel vun eire deitsche Mäd winsche, sie were eirisch. Du menscht vielleicht, ich soll sell prufe? Nix leichter wie des. Heerscht Du sie jemols deitsch uf die Schtrosz blaudere? Nee, gewisz net!

Mit seine Händ un Fiesz sott der Joe mir danke, dasz ich ihn genumme un aus dem labbige Kerl änyhow en halwe Mann gemacht hab. Wann er mich net kriegt het, wär er heit noch keen hohle Bohn werth. Un obwohl desz alles wohr isch, weesz er mich doch net zu schätze un werd mit jedem Dag dummer un batziger.

* * *

Ei, der Eifaltspinsel glabt ganz schuhr, dasz die Mäd ihn noch gleiche, un wann er Sundags in die Kerich geht, schtet er vorher en ganze halwe Schtund for em Schpiegel un schtrehlt sei drei Hoor. 'S isch en Wunner, dasz er sich die Runzele in seiner Fratz net mit Kitt zuschmiert. Guck ich awer emol en Mannskerl ah, do wird er glei fuchsdeiwelswild un will mir sage, was sich for en verheirathete Frah baszt.

Der ald heemdickische Mädschmecker! Ich soll mich ärgere un dohd schaffe, dasz er bald wieder en junge Frah kriege kann; awer nee, so dumm bin ich noch lang net, un wann der alt Rilps noch emol ebbes iwer mich in die Zeidung druckt, hau ich ihn so windelweech darch, dasz es ihn 14 Dag lang nemmt, sei Knoche im Settlement zusamme zu suche.

Ich musz awer jetzt ufheere, sunscht reg ich mich for nix uf, do der Joe alleweil net daheem isch. Best Respekts an Dei Frah vun de

MISSUS SARAH KLOTZKOPP

N.B.—Sag Deiner Missus, sie soll mir schreiwe, was for Dreszfarwe den Sommer fashionable sin. Grien un Gehl sude mei Komplekschen am beschte. S.K.

Monday, the 29th day of
the month of May, 1905

Mister Inkdauber:

Lately I was on a visit to Mrs. Hufnagel in Normanby and she told me what my old good-for-nothing, Joe, is printing about the Irish women in your paper. I bawled for rage and if I had had the old donkey close by, I would have, by jinks, taught him a lesson that he wouldn't have forgotten so soon.

In fact he didn't escape scot-free as it was, and when you see him the next time, ask him where he has been the last two weeks. If he says that he had rheumatism in his back and toothache, you can tell him for me that that is a confounded lie. That he had toothache I will gladly believe for my hand is still burning today!

It's a difficult trick to teach an old sheep to dance, but in the 20 years that I have been married to Klotzkopp (blockhead) — he should actually be called Dickkopp (stubborn head) — I have learned enough German that I can also set fire to him in your paper.

* * *

Please excuse my bad spelling, my pen is quite dull and the ink I made myself out of wash bluing. In such circumstances you cannot spell as well as would be the case if you have good stationery.

But you should be ashamed to print the nonsense sent in by my greasy goof; you are not a whit better than he. Isn't your missus Irish too? O, I wish you were my husband, I would show you who is boss in the shanty. Tell your wife to visit me for a week and spend her holidays with me, so that I can give her lessons how one handles the men.

O the hyypocritical menfolk! Before they are married you would believe they were all angels, afterwards one discovers that they are louts.

The old goof, Joe, should be happy that I took him. He begged so long that I married him just in order to get rid of him. I had much better chances to get a man, among them one who was a storekeeper in Neustadt and used real hair lotion on his head instead of rancid lard as Joe does.

* * *

And now the old blockhead wants to begin to carp. What does he know about the trouble a woman has with 10 children in the house? In the evening he hangs out in the hotel and doesn't come home before 11 or 12 o'clock, and when he gets home he reeks of limburger cheese, beer and bad cigars.

Two weks ago the children had the measles and the flu. However, instead of staying at home and helping me to boil camomile tea and to rub down the poor things with goose oil, he said he had to go to a political meeting since the country was in danger and it was everyone's duty to be at the ready.

If I didn't know what kind of a coward Joe is, I would, by gum, have believed him when he came home that night. He swayed like a stuck goose, and the house still smells of whisky today. Instead of potatoes he consumed pickles by the dozen next morning. About this the old scoundrel writes nothing, eh?

* * *

The old goat also has the nerve to complain about my cooking. If you men with Irish wives think that we are as stupid as the German women and poke around the kitchen from 9 o'clock in the morning until half-past 12 noon in order to pamper your bellies, then you are mistaken. A half hour in the kitchen in the morning is long enough for me, and if Joe does not like my cooking, he can cook himself.

He writes about food, but not how his wife should be dressed. I want to have my four new dresses and three bonnets per year, and if I don't get them I shall make Joe's life so miserable that he will wish that he had never seen the light of day.

You have to know how to handle the men, and I haven't seen one of whom I am fraid. They are like young calves: when they yowl too loudly one dare not pull the rope too tightly; but when they have finished yowling you can quietly put the chain around their necks again.

* * *

How is it, Mister Editor, that the German girls who move from the country to the cities to work as maids ape us English women so quickly? They too hang almost all their wages on their backs, and if anyone ever mentions sauerkraut they blush from ear to ear and swear that in their whole lives they have never seen, eaten, smelled or cooked sauerkraut.

Indeed many of your German girls wish that they were Irish. Perhaps you think I should prove that? Nothing would be easier. Do you ever hear them babbling German on the streets? No, certainly not!

Joe should thank me with hands and feet that I took him and made out of the half-baked fellow at least half a man. If he hadn't got me he wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel today. And although this is all true, he still does not know how to value me and is becoming more stupid and stubborn every day.

* * *

Indeed the nincompoop believes for certain that the girls still like him, and before he goes to church on Sunday, he stands a whole half hour in front of the mirror and combs his three hairs. It's a wonder that he doesn't plaster the wrinkles in his mug shut with putty. But if I ever cast as much as a side glance at a man, he becomes raving mad and lectures me on the behavior of a married woman.

The malicious old chicken chaser! I am to worry and work myself to death so that he can soon get a young wife again. But no, I am not so stupid by a long shot, and if the old scoundrel prints anything about me again in your paper I'll beat him into a pulp so that it will take him two weeks to collect his bones around the settlement.

But I must close off now or I'll get excited about nothing, since Joe is at the moment not at home. My best wishes to your wife from

MISSUS SARAH KLOTZKOPP

N.B.—Tell your missus to write me and tell me what dress colors are fashionable this summer. Green and yellow suit my complexion best. S.K.

MY ANSWER
By Billy Graham

I was raised in a Christian home but here at the university my faith has been laughed at, the Bible held up to ridicule, and I find myself utterly confused. I don't want

on it? Where have I put my faith, in the faith of my parents or the God of my parents? Is my faith a secondhand faith or is it a personal experience with Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord?

Once you have settled in your own faith in God, His Son and His Word, you will

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Berliner Journal.

16. Oktober 1907

Mister Drucker!

Der anner Owet hab ich mei Accordian runnergholt, wo ich als friher bei Reesings und Schpries gspielt hab, un wie ich sie en poor Mol uf un zu gezoge hen, sagt die Särah (was mei eirische Frah is), "sing mir ehmol seller schee dutch song without words, wo du als gspielt hoscht, wie du noch spärke kumme bischt."

Mir alter Esel is es ganz zitterich zu Muth worre, for wann die Särah Musick will, dann schteckt for kammen ebbes dohinner. Ich hab mich desmol awer net schei mache losse; nochdem ich die rheumatic Scale uf der Accordian gerunnt hab, hen ich losgeschtärt zu singe:

Wann die Lieb mol kummt
In die heitige Welt,
Wann's im Herz mol brummt,
Ei, do hot's geschellt.

Losz schelle, losz brumme,
Nau hab ich a Frah,
was die mich als ärgert,
Do glabscht du net dra.

Die zwee letschte Leins hab ich arig pianissimo gesunge, des mehnt uf deitsch, juscht so leislich higebrummt. Wie ich ferdig war, is die Särah sich mit ihrer heugawelartige Hend en poor mol durch ihr roth Hoor gefahre und hot gesagt: "Tscho, ich deht gleiche unser Mary Ann un ihre Kinner widder emohl besuche, awer es Geld langt net."

* * *

Doderbei hot sie mir mit ihrer wässrige Katzeage zugeblinzelt, grad wie friher, ebb mir geheiert worre. Sell is awer schon lang her un fiszt heit nimme uf mich. Ich hab mei Inschtrument hingelegt, bin an die Diehr, hab sie halbwegs ufgemacht un ihr dann zugrufe: "Fahr juscht hi, for die Rickrees werd unser Schwiegersohn gewisz recht gern bezahle!"

Im näckschte Moment is der Holzkeidel gege die Diehr gefloga un ich hab en Gebrill geheert, als ob en ganze Heerd Walkertoner Jagdhund losgelosse worra wäre. Ich hab mich in der Scheier versteckelt un bin dort gebliwe bis Owets, wo ich am Tschimme en Kubber gewe hab, for der Mäm zu sage, dasz sie geh derft un ich deht sie ah an die Steschen fahre.

Well, so ganz mir nix dir nix bin ich doch net defuh kumma, un ich hab heit noch en Schtick Baamwoll in meim linkse Ohrlappe schtecke.

Der näckscht Dag hab ich die Särah am Neischtetter Rigelweg abgelade un wie der Train kumme is, hat sie mir en Fehrwell-Bosz gewe welle. Ich hab awer abgewunke, for ich hab gewiszt, dasz sie sich doch net gedraue deht, for all denne viele Leit mit meine Backe Händs zu scheeke.

Wie der Kärs nach Ayton zugefahre sin, is mir en 137½ Pfund schweere Schtee fum Herze geborzelt. Ich bin dabber zum Louie nunner, wo ich der Handkäsmichel und der Bohnekreitelsepp getroffe hab. Ich sag dir was, ich hab noch ehre halb Schtund gefiehlt wie en Kalb, das 14 Johr lang an der Kett gelege hot un jetzt widder losgebunne worre is.

* * *

Ich hab mei Meind ufgemacht, uf em Hehmweg, der Blutworschtnatz zu besuche. Wie ich hi kumma bin, hot er mit der Hend in der Luft rumgefuchtelt, dasz ich erscht gemehnt hab, er het der Feizdanz. Sell awer war net de Käs. Er hot gelacht, mich wellkam geheesze un wor arig froh mich zu sehne.

"Was de Beddel is dann los mit dir," hab ich gefrogt, "dasz du so kreizfidel bischt?"

"Hock dich anner," hot er gesagt, "dann will ich dir verzehle, was mir heit Morge gehäppened is."

Er hot der Bewwe gerufa, sie sott uns en Pitscher Cider hole. Sie is deitsch un hot ihm ken Maul agehengt, wie er sie gefrogt hot, obwohl ich net glab, dasz alle deitsche Weibsleit so demithig un niederdrechtig sin wie sie. Wie mir en poor Glas auf die Lewer gegosse gehat hen, hot der Natz gesagt:

"Heit Morge hab ich die Flint uf die Schulter genumma, un mein alter, kranker und halbblinder Hund hinnich am Offa rausgelockt, un bin mit ihm die 10. Con. nunna gloffa. Uf emohl kummt en Automobil hinich uns wie der Wind hergefloge. Der Kerl hot sei Drumpet gesaund un ich bin aus em Weg getschumbt; der Hund awer hot sich net gemuft — bis er getroffe war — dann hot er sich ah nimme gemuft. Das Automobil hot for en Fakt werklich geschtoppt, un ehns fun de Männer is zu mir kumme. Er hot schun emol ehme Bauer $10 bezahlt for en Sau, die er todgefahre hot, die awer ehme annere Farmer geheert hot, un so wor er des Mol en bissel kerful."

"Wor sell dei Hund?"

"Ja."

"Es guckt aus, als ob mir ihn todgefahre hen."

"Schur, guckts so aus."

"Wor's en deihrer Hund?"

"Well, grad net so arig."

"Sin $5 genug?"

"Ja."

Well, do sin sie. Er hot mir dann $5 gewa und gesagt, er wer sorri, dasz er mei Jagd verdorwe het.

"Ich hab gor net uf die Jagd welle," hab ich gesagt, wie ich die $5 eingeschteckt hab.

"Du hoscht net schiesze geh' welle? Ja, was hoscht dann mit dem Hund un der Flint mache wolle?"

"Ei, ich hab den arme kranke Hund juscht in de Schwamm nemme welle, for ihn dohtzuschiesze."

Es wünscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—Sag, Mr. Drucker, dehtscht du net gleiche en arig gute Accordian zu kaafe? Ich geb dir sie billig.

J. K. Esq.

October 16, 1907

Mister Editor:

The other evening I got down my accordion, which I used to play at barn raising and stag parties, and when I had given it a little workout, Sarah (who is my Irish wife) said to me, "please sing me that beautiful Dutch song without words that you always played when you came to court me."

Old donkey that I am, I felt a strange feeling coming over me, for when Sarah wants music there is usually something strange going on in her head. But I didn't allow this to deter me, and after I had run up and down the rheumatic scale, I started to sing:

When love once comes in,
In our world of today,
In our hearts there's a din,
And the bells toll and play.

Let them toll, let them roll,
I now have a wife,
She's a plague on my soul,
She's the bane of my life.

The last two lines I sang very pianissimo, which means in German that I quietly hummed them. When I was finished, Sarah ran her hayfork-shaped hands a couple of times through her red hair and then said: "Joe, I should like to visit our Mary Ann and her children again, but I haven't got the money."

* * *

At the same time she blinked at me with her watery cat's eyes, just as she did before we were married. But that is a long time ago, and it doesn't fizz on me any more. I put my instrument down, walked to the door, half-opened it, and then shouted at her: "Just go there, our son-in-law will be very happy to pay your return fare."

The next moment a wood block hit the door and I heard a roar as if a whole pack of Walkerton hunting dogs had been let loose. I hid in the barn and stayed there until evening, when I gave Jimmy a penny and told him to tell Mom that she could go and I would drive her to the station.

Well, I did not escape quite scot free, and today I still have a wad of cotton batten sticking in my left ear.

The next day I delivered Sarah at the Neustadt station. When the train came, she wanted to give me a farewell kiss. But I declined, for I knew that she wouldn't risk shaking hands with my cheeks in front of all those people.

* * *

When the train left for Ayton, a 137½-pound stone rolled off my mind. I quickly went to Louis' place, where I met Handcheese Mike and Beanstalk Joe. Let me tell you, I felt after half an hour like a calf that had been chained for 14 years and had now suddenly been given its freedom.

I made up my mind to visit Bloodsausage Nat on the way home. When I arrived at his place, he waved his hands so wildly that I thought at first he had St. Vitus dance. But that was not the case. He laughed, bade me welcome and was very happy to see me.

"What in thunderation is the matter with you," I asked him, "that you are in such a gay mood? Sit down and then I will tell you what happened to me this morning."

He called his wife Barbie to bring us a pitcher of hard cider. She is German and didn't give him any lip when he asked her to do it, although, I would not say that all German women are as humble and docile as she. After we had lubricated our livers with a couple of glasses, Nat said:

* * *

"This morning I shouldered my gun, enticed my old, sick, half-blinded dog from behind the stove, and walked with him down the 10th concession. Suddenly an automobile came up behind us like the wind. The fellow sounded his horn and I jumped aside; the dog, however, did not move until he was struck, and then he didn't move any more either. The automobile actually stopped, and one of the men came up to me. He had previously paid a farmer $10 for a pig that he had run down, but which had actually belonged to another farmer, consequently he was being somewhat circumspect."

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"It appears that we have killed him."

"Sure, it looks that way."

"Was it an expensive dog?"

"Well, not particularly."

"Is $5 enough?"

"Yes."

Well, here you are. He gave me the $5 and said that he was sorry to have spoiled by hunting.

"I didn't intend to go hunting," I said, after I had pocketed the $5.

"You didn't want to go shooting? What did you intend to do with the dog and the gun?"

"Why, I was just taking the poor, sick dog to the swamp in order to shoot him."

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—Say, Mister Editor, wouldn't you like to buy quite a good accordion? I'll let you have it at a bargain price.

J. K. Esq.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Nov. 13, 1907

Mister Drucker!

Wann du denkscht, dasz ich bees bin, dasz du der Särah ihre Giftmischelei in deim Babier abgedruckt hoscht, bischt du mistäken. Es is mir viel liewer, sie schitt ihre Gall un Geifer iwer dich aus, als iwig mei Buckel. Du weescht doch, was der grosz Poet Tschulius Caesar sagt: "Was bekimmert sich der Mond drum, wann ihn die Hund agautze!"

Des reimt sich net, awer es geht mir afangs hard, Poetry affhänded fum Hebreische in gut Deitsch zu tränslate.

Es biet doch enig ebbes uf der Welt! Die ald Schlapp will mir vorschmeisze, dasz ich sauf! Ei, der anner Dag is sie selwer mit sechs Boddel Bier die Kellerdrepp nunnegeborzelt. Zum Glick awer wor des Bier in ihrem Mage, so dasz änyhau die Boddler net kabut gange sin.

Wann ich en Lumb wär, wär's ken Wunner. So en Kocherei, wie mei scheeler Hausdrache als fornischt! Es is genung for enniger Mann kresy zu mache, oder ihn somtiems aus em Heisle zu dreiwe. Wann dei Frah schtatt Gensfett, Fischeel for der Grumbiere-Salat juse deht, oder schtatt des Sauerkraut mit Schpeck un Seifiesz zu koche, im Backoffe mit Salzfisch, Zucker, Bohner un Knowlich brode deht, was de Beddel dehtscht du dann sage? Hä?!

* * *

Ich sag dir was, Mr. Drucker wann ich so manchmol als im Feld hock un de Kinner zuguck, wie die sich mit em Riewer- un Grumbiere-Rausmache abschinne misse, rollt mir ebmohls en salzige Drehn iwig mei Ehkreiz die Backe runne. Wie leicht het ich scheener junger Borscht en reiche Frah kriege kenne! Nau awer is es zu schpot, änyhau es guckt so aus, for die Särah is noch so gesund un kreftig wie der Fisch im Wasser.

Yes Sir, ich kleem, dasz manche Frah schuld drah hot, wann ihr bessere Helft (des bin ich, Mr. Drucker) em Saufdeiwel in die Arm gedriwe werd. En Frah sott net juscht gut koche kenne, sie sott sich ah halbwegs sauwer halde, so dasz sie net an der Wand henge bleibt, wann ma sie dawedde schmeiszt.

Bei denne Gedanke fallt mir immer widde des schee Lied ei, was mir als in der Singschul an der 10. Con. gelernt hen:

"Für das Haus ist's gut genug,"
Sagt sie und geht hin als Schlumpe.
Drum geht er in's Dorf zum Krug
Und wird nach und nach zum Lumpe.
Weiblein, tragt daheim euch nett,
Müszt ihr drum auch oft euch tummeln,
Denn der Alt' geht dann, ich wett,
Nicht so viel in's Wirtshaus bummeln.

Am Dänkgiwingsdag hot sie widde so en schlimmen Ahfall fum Sunneschtich gehat, dasz ich vorgezoge hab, mei Danksagungsdinner uf em Holzblock vor em Haus zu entschoier. Ich war grad ferdig worre, mei zwee geschmokte Hering un en Poor schwarze Reddig zu esse, un wott meim Hund Denscher die Fischkepp hischmeisze, als der Bohnerkreitelsepp die Lehm rufkummt:

"Well, Joe," sagt er, "wie kummt's, dasz du dei Middagsesse do haus escht?"

"Der Schornschtee schmokt widde," hab ich geänsert.

"Well," sagt der Sepp, der en Bissel fun allem un fun nix viel verschteht, "do musz ich doch emol nochgucke."

* * *

Wie er awer die Hausdiehr ufmacht, is ihm der Beseschtiehl iwig die Schulder runnegefloge, dasz es juscht so en Ort gehat hot, un die Särah hot gebrillt: "Bischt du schun widde doh, du alde Faulpelz? Mach dasz du fad kummscht, schunscht schmeisz ich dir des Wergelholz in die Ank, dasz dir's Kreiz rabbelt'."

Do druf hi hot der Sepp der Rickmartsch blose losse. Er hot sich die Acksel geriwe un gesagt: "Newer meind Joe, mei Schornschtee schmokt ah ebmols!"

Mir sin dann hinnig die Scheier, wo ich im Holzhaufe mei Kriegle verschteckelt hab, un wott em Sepp en Schluck gewe — awer er wor leer. Iwig den Drick fun der Särah hab ich mich so geärgert, dasz ich mei Meind ufgemacht hab, grad zum Schpeid in's Schteddel zu geh, was ich un der Sepp dann ah geduh hen. Beim Loui hen mir de lahm Hengschtdreiwer, der Handkäswichel un der roth Hannes gedroffe, un ei tell you what, mir hen en gude Zeit neigeduh.

Owerts hab ich mei Kriegle filler losse un mich uf der Heemweg gemacht. Unnerwegs hot mich der Prediger gemiet, der mir schun so oft gerode hot, des miserablich Drinke ufzugewe. Ich hab's ihm ah versproche, awer du weescht, Mr. Drucker, dasz es Fleesch bei mir willig is, awer der Geischt afangs schwach werd.

Er hot wisse welle, was ich in dem Krug hab.

"Whiskey," hab ich gesagt.

"Wem gehert er?" hot der gut Mann gefrogt.

"Mir un meiner Frah."

"Well, Joe," sagt do druf der Prediger, "schitt dei Dehl fum Schnapps aus un sei en anschtendiger Kerl."

"Ich kann net," hab ich geänsert, "der Särah ihre Whiskey is ower im Krug un meiner unner."

* * *

Ich hab ihm dann mei Elend geklagt un ihn gefrogt, for mitzukumme un browiere Friede zu mache zwische mir un der Särah, schunscht miszt ich widde im Schofschtall schlofa. Er war willing, un wie mir um die Scheier gedreht sin, is die Särah grad fum Seifittere kumme. In der ehner Hand hot sie der Schlappkiwel un in der annere die Ladern gehat.

Wie sie der Prediger gesehne hot, hot sie en Gesicht ufgezoge wie en halbverreckte Nachteil un's Maul ufgeschperrt, als ob sie Schpatze fange wett. Sie hot em Prediger gesagt, sie wer zu Dod gekitzelt, dasz er uns ah widde ehmol besuche deht (des heichlerisch ald Mensch), un mir sin dann in's Haus. Der Prediger hot uns dann alle beed Vermahning gewe. Der Särah ihre giftige Zung awer is gange, als ob sie mit Hexefett geschmiert wär, un der gut Mann hot härle en Wart edtschwehs neikriege kenne. Zuletscht hot er gesagt sie sott mich liewenswerdig bejuse un uf die Ort heesze Kohle uf mei Kopp häufe.

Do druf hot sie geänsert: "Des helft alles nix, ich hab ihm schun zwee Kessel voll hees Wasser iwig sei blutte Schedel geschitt, awer es werd doch net annerscht!"

Was gehäppened is, wie der Prediger fad wor, winscht dir des sehm, der

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Nov. 13, 1907

Mister Editor:

If you think that I am angry because you printed Sarah's venomous rubbish in your paper you're mistaken. It suits me much better if she spews out her gall and spleen over you than over my back. You surely remember what the great poet Julius Caesar said: "What does the moon care about the dogs baying at it!"

This doesn't rime very well, but I am beginning to find it hard to translate poetry off-hand from Hebrew into good German.

It is certainly the limit. The old slattern wants to accuse me of tippling! Why the other day she herself tumbled down the cellar steps with six bottles of beer. Luckily the beer was in her stomach so that at least the bottles weren't ruined.

* * *

If I were a good-for-nothing the reason would be obvious. The cooking that my squint-eyed housedragon furnishes! It is enough to make any man crazy or to drive him, at least at times, off his rocker. If your wife used fish oil instead of goose grease to make potato salad, or instead of cooking sauerkraut with bacon and pig's hocks, roasted it in the bake oven with salted fish, sugar, beans and garlic, what the dickens would you say? Eh?!

I'll tell you what, Mister Editor, that often when I sit in the field and watch how the children have to torment themselves rooting out the turnips, and the potatoes, the salt tears run down my cheeks when I reflect on the troubles of my married state. How easily could I as a handsome young fellow have married a rich wife! But now it is too late, at least it appears that way for Sarah is still as healthy and strong as a fish in water.

Yes sir, I claim that many a wife is at fault if her better half (that's me, Mr. Editor) is driven into the arms of the drink demon. A wife should not only be able to cook well; she should also keep herself half-way clean, so that she doesn't stick to the wall if you throw her against it.

* * *

During these reflections I always recall the beautiful song which we learned in the singing school of the 10th concession:

It's good enough for the house,
Says she in her slovenly rags,
So he goes to town to carouse,
And becomes a bum with his jags.
So women look pretty at home,
E'en though this means hurry and haste,
But your hubbies no longer will roam
All their time in the inn to waste.

On Thanksgiving Day she again had an acute attack of temper tantrums so that I preferred to enjoy my Thanksgiving dinner on a wooden block in front of the house. I had just finished eating my two smoked herrings and a couple of black radishes, and was at the point of tossing the fish heads to my dog Danger when Beanstalk Joe came up the lane.

"Well, Joe," he said, "how is it that you are eating your dinner out here?"

"The chimney is smoking again," I answered.

"Well," said Joe, who understands a little of everything and not much about anything, "then I must investigate a little."

* * *

But when he opened the house door the broomstick came crashing down on his shoulders with a bang and Sarah shouted: "Are you here again, you old lazy bones. Get going or I'll bash you in the posterior with my rolling pin so that your backbone will rattle."

Beanstalk Joe immediately blew the signal to retreat. He rubbed his back and said: "Never mind, Joe, my chimney smokes once in a while too!"

We then went behind the barn where I keep my jug hidden in the woodpile. I wanted to give Joe a nip, but it was empty. I was so annoyed at the trick that Sarah had played on me that I made up my mind to go to town, out of pure spite, which Joe and I then did. At Louis' Hotel we met the Lame-Stallion Driver, Hand-Cheese Mike and Red Jack, and I tell you what, we put in a good time.

In the evening I had my jug filled and started off for home. On the way the preacher, who has so often advised me to give up my miserable boozing, met me. I promised to do it, but you know, Mr. Editor, that the flesh in my case is willing but the spirit is beginning to weaken.

He wanted to know what I had in the jug.

"Whisky," I said.

"To whom does it belong?" the good man asked.

"To me and my wife."

"Well, Joe," the preacher then said, "pour out your portion of the whisky and be a decent fellow."

"I can't," I answered, "Sarah's whisky is at the top of the jug and mine is at the bottom."

* * *

I then told him about my misery and entreated him to come along and try to make peace between me and Sarah, otherwise I would have to sleep in the sheep stable again. He was willing. When we came around by the barn Sarah was just coming from feeding the pigs. In the one hand she had the swill pail and in the other the lantern.

When she saw the preacher she made a face like a half-dead night owl, and opened her mouth so wide as if she wanted to catch sparrows. She told the preacher that she was tickled to death that he was visiting us again (the hypocritical old thing), and we then went to the house.

The preacher then delivered us an exhortation. But Sarah's venomous tongue kept on going as if greased with witch oil, and the good man could hardly get in a word edgewise. At last he said that she should treat me well and in this way heap coals of fire on my head.

To that suggestion she answered: "All that will not help. I have already poured two kettles of hot water on his bald head, but that has availed nothing!"

May what happened when the preacher was gone befall you, is the wish of

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

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RITTINGER

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KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Brief von Frau Sarah Klotzkopp

Dec. 11, 1907

Mister Drucker!

Alles was recht is des kann ich net leide, un ich schtänds nimme lenger, dasz der ald Klotzkopp (Dickkopp sott er bei recht heesze) mich die gans Zeit in deim Schmierlappe schlecht macht. Wann er's noch ehmol duht, schlag ich ihn so windelweech dorch, dasz es ihn 13 Dag nemmt, um sei Knocher im Settelment zusamme zu lese.

Du muscht awer mei Schreiwes exkuse; die Dinde wor eigefrohrer, so dasz ich geforst wor, Weschbloo zu user, ah kann ich uf Packbabier net so gud schpeller als wann ich Schtorbabier het, mit Roser un roth Blummer ower an der Eck, wie der Meik Kesey gejust hot, wie er mir als Lofledders hot schreiwer losse.

Am neckschter Marge noch der Gensfettjockelsin's ihrer Kwilding, hot mei versoffeniger Wasserkopp hinnig em Ofa gehockt, mit der Lizzie ihrem rothflanneliger Unnerrock um sei lange Ohre gebunne un hot gekreckst wie en alde Kuh, die am Kabutgeh is. Schtatt Krumbiere hot er Bickels beim Dutzend gesse, un en Kann voll Kaffee newig sich schteh gehat, juscht um sei viehmesziger Katzerjammer fun seim Kononerrausch am Owert vorher zu verdreiwer. Oh, what a difference in the morning!

* * *

Selle Marge ware mei Bickels all-reid, un sell Fasz voll gekochter Cider, mit der schee Musik drin, war jetzt mit Brummscheedel ufgefillt. Die Akkordeon war ah ruhig un liegt heit noch draus im Cutter.

Wie ich de Joe gefrogt hab, was ihm fehlt, hot er gesagt, er het geschter Owert uf em Heemweg Kald geketscht, weil die ald Fän zu schwift gange wär. Des ald Schof is zu langsam for Kald zu ketscher un jedermann weesz, dasz die Fän ken Reesgaul is.

Es is for en Fäkt en Schand, wie er sei bissel Verschtand versauft. Am letschter Dienschtag hot er en Lood Heu ufgelade un wott grad die Lehn naus fahre, wie ich ihn gefrogt hab, wo er hiwott.

"Zu's Wenzel's Hanjerg," hot er gesagt.

"Warum?" hab ich ihn gefrogt.

"Ich will ihm des Heu bringe, was ich ihm noch schuldig bin," meent er.

"Was for Heu?" hab ich wisse welle.

"Ei, weescht net," hot er gesagt, "dasz im letschter Summer der Hanjerg en Berger mit mir gemacht hot, for sei Heu abzumache un neizufahrer. Es hot gesagt, alles Heu iwig 10 Tonne wär mei Lohn for die Erwert. Es wore awer juscht 7 Tonne un en halb, so dasz ich ihm jetzt noch 2½ Tonne schuldig bin. Ich losz nix uf mei ehrlicher Name kumme, un will jetzt em Hanjerg des Heu bringe, was ich ihm noch schuldig bin, so dasz er mich net schuht!"

* * *

Hoscht du, Mr. Drucker, jemohls in deim Lewe fun so ehme hernverrickter, weschlappiger Krippel geheert? Es hot mich finf Minute gnumme, bis ich widder hab schnaufer kenne; um awer en lange Schtori korz zu mache, will ich dir juscht sage, dasz sell Heu widder in der Scheier is.

Was kann ma awer ah fun ehme Mann inschpeckter, der fascht jeder Owert bis 10 Uhr im Wertshaus hockt, un noch Limburger, Bier un schlechter Cigärs schtinkt, wann er heem kummt? Ich hab des Schtofft schun oft in en Klima gewinscht, wo ma kenn Winderkleeder un Belzkappe zu drage braucht.

Nebscht em Saufdeiwel schteckt awer ah der Hochmuthsdeiwel noch in dem drauriger krummbeeniger Geripp. Er glabt for en Fäkt, die Weibsleid gleiche ihn noch, un wann der ald Hypokrit fun ehme Heichler Sundag morgerts in die Kerch geht, schteht er en halwe Schtund vor em Schpiegel un schtrehlt sei drei grohe Hoor.

Es is en Wunner, dasz er die Runzler in seiner Fratz net mit Kit zuschmiert, un sei blootrothe Nas weiszler loszt. Guck ich awer juscht ehmol en Mannskerl fun der Seid ah, so werd er fuchsdeiwelswild un will mir sage, was sich for an Frah schickt.

Ah iwer mei Kocherei will der ald Freszsack schimpfer. Wann ihr Mannsleid mit englischer Weiwer glabt, dasz mir fun 9 bis 12 Uhr margerts in der Kich rumpoke, juscht um eirem Bauch abzoworde, so sind ihr verderbt mischteken. Fum Esser schwetzt ihr Männer, awer net wie eier Weiwer gedreszt sei sotte.

* * *

Wie kummt's, dasz die deitsche Mäd, die fun der Kundri in die Schtedt als Servant Girls gehn, so schnell uns englischer Weibsleid nochaffe? Ah viel vun denne henge ihre ganze Lohn uf der Buckel, un wann ma emol fun Sauerkraut schwetzt, werre sie roth bis hinnig die Ohrlappe un schwere, dasz sie noch ken Sauerkraut gesehne, gekocht oder geroche hen.

Zum Schlusz will ich dir noch sage, dasz ma juscht wisse musz, wie die Menner zu händler. Sie sin wie junge Kelwer; wann sie arig laut briller, musz ma der Schtrick en bissel los losse, awer wann sie sich ausgebrillt hen, kann ma ihne die Kett ganz gedroscht widde um der Hals lege.

Sag deiner Misses, sie sott mich emol besuche. ich glab ich kennt ihr manche Pointers gewe. For Exempel, wann der Joe als Owerts heem kummt un mich sei "herzliwer Engel" heeszt, so weesz ich immer for schur, dasz er besoffe is.

Es winscht dir dessehm, die

MRS. S. FLANNIGAN-KLOTZKOPP.

N.B.—Kennscht du mir net ah en Job in Berlin kriege? Ich hab Bang der Joe kennt dort in noch schlechtere Kumbani wie do hower kumme. Ich kennt in ehre Laundry schaffer. Friher, wie mei Däd noch am Rigelweg geschafft hot, hot als mei Mäm die scheener weiszer Hemmer for die Schaffleid geweschen, un selle fein Handerwert hab ich ah geschtudirt. Mit Lof zu deiner Missses. MRS. S. F.-K.

Letter from Mrs. Sarah Klotzkopp

December 11, 1907

Mister Editor:

To be sure I can't take it, and I won't stand it any longer, that that old man Klotzkopp (blockhead) — Dickkopp (dunderhead) should be his name — keeps on running me down in your miserable rag. If he does it once more, I shall knock him about so much that it will take him 13 days to collect his bones in our settlement.

You must excuse my writing. The ink was frozen solid so that I have to use blueing, and also I can't spell as well when I have to use wrapping paper as I can if I have store paper with roses and red flowers in one corner, such as Mike Casey used when he had love letters written to me.

On the morning after Mrs. Goosegrease Jock's quilting bee my drunken sot sat behind the stove, with Lizzie's red flannel petticoat tied around his big ears, and grunted like an old cow that is kicking the bucket. Instead of eating potatoes, he was consuming pickles by the dozen, and a pot of coffee was standing beside him, just to drive away the beastly hangover of his super-drunken fit of the evening before. Oh, what a difference in the morning!

* * *

That morning my pickles were all right, and that barrel of boiled cider, with the beautiful music in it, was now filled with a splitting headache. The accordion was quiet too, and is today still lying out in the cutter.

When I asked Joe what was the matter with him, he said that he had caught cold last evening on the way home, because old Fanny had raced along so rapidly. The silly old fool is too slow to catch a cold, and everyone knows that Fanny is no racehorse.

It is in fact a shame how he saturates the little bit of brain that he has with alcohol. Last Tuesday he loaded up a wagon with hay, and was just about to drive out of the lane, when I asked him where he was going.

"To Jack George Wenzel's," he answered.

"What for," I asked him.

"I want to bring him the hay I still owe him," he said.

"What hay?" I wanted to know.

"Well, don't you remember," he said, "that last summer Jack George made a bargain with me to cut and put in his hay. He said that all the hay over 10 tons would be pay for my labor. But there were only 7½ tons, so that I still owe him 2½ tons. I will not allow my honest name to be besmirched and will now bring Jack George the hay that I still owe him before he sues me!"

* * *

Mister Editor, have you ever in your life heard of such a lame-brained, weak-kneed nincompoop? It took me five minutes to become myself again; to make a long story short, I want to tell you that that hay is back in the barn.

But what can you expect of a man who sits in the hotel almost every evening and reeks of limburger, beer and third-rate cigars when he comes home. I have often consigned these things to a climate where you don't have to wear winter clothes and fur caps.

In addition to a booze demon, there is also a demon of pride sticking in that wretched bow-legged skeleton. He still believes that the women like him, and when the old hypocrite goes to church Sunday morning, he stands for half an hour in front of the mirror and combs his three grey hairs.

It's a wonder that he doesn't have the wrinkles in his mug puttied in, and his carmine nose whitewashed. But if I ever peep at a fellow out of the corner of my eye, he becomes demoniacally enraged and lectures me on a married woman's deportment.

The old glutton is also grumbling about my cooking. If you men with English wives think that we will poke around the kitchen from 9 to 12 o'clock in the morning, just to pamper your stomachs, you are crazy. You men always talk about eating but never how your wives should be dressed.

* * *

Why is it that the German girls who leave the country to work as housemaids in the city so quickly ape us English women? Many of them too hang all their earnings on their backs and if anyone ever mentioned sauerkraut, they blush to the back of their necks, and swear that they have never seen, cooked or smelled sauerkraut.

In conclusion I still want to tell you that one must know how to handle men. They are like young calves; if they bellow, you must loosen the rope a bit, but as soon as they are finished bellowing, you can quite confidently put the chain around their necks again.

Tell your missus to visit me sometime. I believe I could give her a lot of pointers. For example, if Joe comes home in the evening and calls me his "beloved angel," then I know for certain that he is plastered.

I wish you the same,

MRS. S. FLANNIGAN - KLOTZKOPP

N.B.—Couldn't you get me a job in Berlin too? I am afraid that Joe could get into even worse company there than up here. I could work in a laundry. Before, when my Dad was still working on the railroad, my Mum used to wash the beautiful white shirts for the railway gang, and I have also studied that fine handicraft. With love to your missus, MRS. S. F.-K.

BUILDING PROBLEMS

Question: We were puzzled by a leak in our basement every time it rained, but have finally traced it to the point at which our outside faucet enters the house. The mortar around

"dead" air between. This air cushion insulates against heat loss in winter and heat gain in summer. Although originally used most frequently in large glass areas like picture win-

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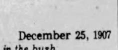
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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.



Dec. 25, 1907

Joe Klotzkopp's erste Weihnachten im Busch

Mister Drucker:

Am Mundag war em Tschannie sei Gebodsdag un do hot sei Mäm gsagt, er derft en Pärty hawe, zu der er sei Kamerade eigelade hot. Ich bin der greescht Kinnernarr der's gebt, un nix macht mir mehner Blesir, als wann ich ihrem Geschnawel zuheere kann.

Noch em Esse sin sie all in der Parlor, wo sie sich um der Offe rumgehockt un Schtories verzehlt hen. Am Schmierdoni sei Peter, der mehnt, dasz er ehns fun der beschter Sundagsschulschieler im Settelment is, hot de Kinner Frage ufgewe, fun denne die ehne net schlecht wor un mich an mei egenes Unglick rimeinded hot.

"Was for en Sind hot der Adam geduh?" hot er gfrogt.

"Er hot verbottene Ebbel gesse," hen die Kinner geänsert.

"Recht so! Wer hot ihn dazu verschwetzt?"

"Die Eva!"

"Well, net exäktly die Eva, awer die Schlang," meent der Peter, "un uf welle Ord is der Adam geschtroft worre?"

Sell wor nau en Pussler, un die Kinner hen ananner ageguckt un kenn's hot änswere kenne, bis zuletscht der schwarz Lisbeth ihre Mary Ann gsagt hot, "ich wees es."

"Well," meent der Peter, "sag uns, wie der Adam geschtroft worre is?"

"Er hot die Eva heierer misse," hot die klee Rotznaas gsagt.

Wie ich mich ausgelacht ghat hab, sin die Kinner um mich rumgekraut un ehns hot gemehnt: "Unkel Joe, verzehl uns jetzt ehmol en Reiwergeschicht." "Ja, kum, Joe, blies duh!" hen die annere mitneigetschoint.

* * *

"Well, Kinner," hab ich gsagt, "wie ich vor 50 Johr do ruf kumme bin, hot ma noch keen zweebeenige Reiwer ghat, weil nix viel zu schtehler wor; awer an vierbeeniger, wie Bäre, Welf, Fichs un annere Ungeziffer, hot's net gefehlt.

"Jetzt will ich eich emol verzehler, wie mir's emol uf de Bärejagd gange hot. Ihr miszt wisse, dasz ich und der Grundsaujerg, der Blutworschtnatz un der roth Hannes an der 10. Con. Land ufgnumme hawe un zusamme in ehre Schänty gebätscht hen.

"Ehn Owert, es wor juscht zwee Dag vor Chrischdag, is der roth Hannes arig exceited heem kumme un hot gsagt, er het en groszer mechtiger Bär gesehne, un es wär nimme seef, alleenig in der Busch zu geh. Ich hab ihn ausgelacht, for ich wor sellermols noch net geheiert, un hab keen Bang vor der Bärs ghat. Ich hab meiner Kamerader gsagt, des wär en gude Tschänz for en Bärebrode uf die Chrischdag zu kriege. Sie hen awer nix dafu wisse welle un hen gemeent, Krumbiere un Schpeck wäre ihne liewer wie Bärefleesch. Wie ich sie for Cowards ausgschpott hab, hen sie mich geschtumbt, seller Bär zu schiesze. "All-reid," hab ich gsagt, "sell settelts," un es hot ah!

"Am neckschte Marge hab ich die ald Flint gnumme un mei Quartboddel voll Old Rye in der Sack geschteckt un bin uf die Jagd, um dem Bär en halb Pund Bockschrot in de Leib zu bumbe.

* * *

Wie ich ebaut en Meil im Busch wor, hab ich's uf ehmol im Unnerbrosch krache heere un en poor Sekunde druf, kummt der Bär uf mich zugeschprunge. Er hot gebrillt wie en Leeb un aus seiner Schnut is der Schtiem rausgepufft wie an ehre Lokomotif. Ich hab awer ken Bang ghat, no serri! Ich hab dabber en Tschah Duwack ins Maul, in die Hend geschpaut, dann die Bicks gereest, de Hahner gschpannt, dem Vieh uf's Herz geziehlt un losgedrickt . . . Die verderbt Flint is awer net losgange, weil ich in der Exceitment vergesse hab, Bulfer un Schrot mitzunemme.

"I tell you what, Kinner, es wor mir jetzt net ehneleh. Ich hab dabber die Flint weggeschmisse, un bin so geschwind wie en Serkesäkter de neckscht Baam nufgekrattelt, un der Bär hinnig mir her. Des schwarzhoorig Luder hot sich unner higelegt, um zu watte, bis ich reddy wär, for runnerkumme.

"Es wor misserawlig kalt, un wie ich so en poor Schtund do drower gehockt hab un iwer die Schlechtigkeit fun der Bäre nochgedenkt hen, is mir uf ehmol eigfaller, dasz ich jo en Boddel Schnapps im Sack hab. Schnell wie der Blitz hab ich sie rausgezoge, un noch ehre Weil is es mir geglickt, wie ich ausgefunne hab, dasz die Lauser im Schänty mir mei Schnapps ausgsoffer un die Boddel mit Kohlöl ufgfüllt ghat hen.

"Ich hab schun mei Teschtament mache welle, do is mir uf emol en Gedanke kumme. Mit zittericher Hand hab ich des Kohlöl uf dem Bär sei dicke Belz laafe losse, dann en Mätsch ageschteckt un sie uf sei Buckel gschmisse. Schneller wie ma Jack Robinson sage kann, hot des Vieh lichterloh gebrennt, so dasz mir die Flamme fascht ins Gesicht geschlage sin.

* * *

"Der Bär hot gekrische, dasz sie ihn in der Schänty geheert hen, un hot sich dann so schnell wie er hot kenne, aus em Schtaab gmacht. Ich hab en Seifzer geduh wie en Kalb, dem's Messer schun an der Gurgel gsesse hot un bin dann fum Baam runnegekrattelt. Es wor bei derre Zeit schun dunkel worre un ich bin dorch der Busch gefegt, so schwift wie mich mei halbverfrorene Beeh hen drage kenne. Es hot mir nix ausgemacht, wann ich ah iwer Worzler, Bleck un Schtumber geborzelt bin, un's Blut mir's Gesicht un die Hend nunnerloffe is.

"Net weit fun der Schänty hab ich Musik geheert, un wie ich zum Fenschter neigeguckt hab, sin mir die heller Drehner die Backe nunnegrollt. Mei Kamerade hen en kleener Chrischbaam ghat, mit finf Inschlich-Lichter awer schunscht nix druf; der Blutworschtnatz hot mei Akkordeon geschpielt, un die annere hen des schee Lied "Mir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen," gsunge.

"Wie ich die Diehr ufmach, hen die Buwe gemehnt, der leibhaftig Belznickel kummt un hen en Krisch geduh, fascht so laut wie seller Bär. Ich bin ihne um der Hals gfalle un hab gedankt, dasz sie mei Lewe geseft hen, weil sie Kohlöl schatt Schnapps in mei Boddel hen.

"Mei Kamerade hen gemehnt, ich wär noch Maple Hill, for en gude Zeit im Wertshaus neizudu, un hen geglabt ich deht sie mit der Bärejagd juscht bluffer, weil ich ken Bulfer un Bockschrot mitgnumme hab. Ja, Kinner, selle Owert in der Schänty wor mei scheenschter Chrischdag, den ich noch jemols ghat hab, obglei mir ken Bärebrode ghat hen."

* * *

Die Kinner hen Aage un Mail ufgrisse, un wie sie fad worre, hot die Särah gsagt, "Joe, du bischt doch des greescht Liegermaul wo's gebt. Ich bin schur, du hoscht in deim ganze Lewe noch ken Flint abgschosse."

"Ich hab ah net gsagt, dasz ich hab," hab ich geänsert.

Hab ich, Mr. Drucker?

Es wünscht der dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—Schick mir en Kalender, dasz ich seehner kann, wann mei Zeiding ausgloffe is, un losz mich wisse, was for Uniform die Berliner Band wehrt. Ich hab noch en rothe Kittel, wo ich als gedrage hab, wie ich for 55 Johr zu der Petersburger Feierkumbani geheert hab, so dasz eier Bandbass ken Exbens hot, mich auszufitter.

Wie der Särah ihre Vadder noch am Rigelweg gschafft hot . . . nee, die Schtori verzehl ich dir, wann ich dich's neckscht Mol seh.

J. K. Esq.

December 25, 1907

Joe Klotzkopp's first Christmas in the bush

Mister Editor:

On Monday was Johnny's birthday and so his mum said that he might have a party, to which he invited his friends. I am the greatest doter on children in the world, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to listen to their prattling.

After lunch they all went to the parlor, where they squatted around the stove and told stories. Peter, the son of Tony Schmier, who imagines himself one of the best Sunday school pupils in the settlement, gave the children questions to answer, one of which was not bad and reminded me of my own misfortune.

"What kind of a sin did Adam commit?" he asked.

"He ate forbidden apples," the children answered.

"Correct you are! Who persuaded him to do that?"

"Eve!"

"Well, not exactly Eve, but the snake did," said Peter, "and in what manner was Adam punished?"

Now that was a puzzler, and the children eyed each other, but none could answer it. Finally Black Elizabeth's Mary Ann said: "I know."

"Well," said Peter, "tell us how Adam was punished."

"He had to marry Eve," the littne snotnose said.

* * *

After I had stopped laughing the children crowded around me, and one of them said: "Uncle Joe, please tell us a cock-and-bull story." "Yes, Joe, please do!" the other chorused.

"Well, children," I began, "when I came up here 50 years ago there were still no two-legged robbers, because there was nothing to steal; but there was no lack of four-legged ones such as bears, wolves, foxes and other vermin.

"Now I want to tell you what happened to me once on a bear hunt. You all know that I and Groundhog George, Bloodsausage Nat and Red Jack took up land on the 10th concession, and batched in a shanty together.

"One evening — it was exactly the day before Christmas — Red Jack came home in great excitement and said that he had seen a great and mighty bear, and that it was no longer safe to go into the bush alone. I laughed at him, for I was not yet married at that time and was not afraid of the - - - bears. I told my pals that this would be a good opportunity to get some bear steaks for Christmas dinner. But they would have none of that and said that they liked potatoes and bacon better than bear steaks. After I had chided them for their chickenheartedness, they stumped me to shoot that bear. All right, I said, that settles it, and it did!

* * *

"The next morning I took my old gun and with a quart flask of old rye in my knapsack I went out on the chase in order to pump a half pound of buckshot into the bear's body.

"When I was about a mile in the bush, I suddenly heard a crashing in the underbrush and a few second later the bear came leaping at me. It screamed like a lion and steam puffed out of his nostrils like a locomotive. But I had no fear, no siree! I quickly took a bite of chewing tobacco, spat in my hands, raised my rifle, cocked it, aimed at the brute's heart and pulled the trigger. The confounded gun did not fire, because in my excitement I forgot to take powder and shot along.

"I'll tell you what, children, I was beginning to be somewhat concerned. I quickly threw my gun away and climbed the nearest tree as fast as a circus actor, with the bear right behind me. The blackhaired beast lay down below to wait until I should be ready to come down.

"It was miserably cold and after I had perched a few hours up there and had reflected on the wickedness of bears, it suddenly occurred to me that I had a bottle of whisky in my knapsack. As quick as lightning I yanked it out, and after a while I succeeded in pulling out the cork. But imagine, children, my horror and fear when I discovered that those rogues in the shanty had drunk my whisky and had then filled the bottle with coal oil.

* * *

"I was ready to make my will when suddenly a thought came to me. With a trembling hand I poured the coal oil on the bear's thick pelt, lit a match and threw it on his back. Quicker than you can say Jack Robinson the beast was enveloped in flames, which almost struck me in the face.

"The bear screamed so loud that they heard it in the shanty. It made itself scarce as fast as it could. I gave a sigh like a calf with a knife at its throat and then crawled down the tree. By that time it was already dark and I rushed through the bush as fast as my half frozen legs could carry me. I didn't care even if I stumbled over roots, logs and stumps, and blood ran down my face and hands.

"Not far from the shanty I heard music, and when I looked in the window tears began to stream down my face. My pals had a small Christmas tree with five tallow candles but nothing else on it; Bloodsausage Nat was playing my accordion and the others were singing the beautiful song Mir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen" (We're gathered so gaily together).

"When I opened the door the chaps thought that Santa Claus in person had arrived, and let out a scream almost as deafening as that bear's. I embraced them and thanked them for having saved my life by putting coal oil instead of whisky in my bottle.

* * *

"My pals had thought I had gone to Maple Hill to have a good time at the hotel, and thought that I was only bluffing about the bear hunt, because I had taken no powder nor buckshot along. Yes, children, that evening in the shanty was the finest Christmas I have ever had, although we had no bear steaks."

The children opened eyes and mouth wide and when they were gone Sarah said, "Joe, you are certainly the biggest liar in the world. I am sure that you never fired a gun in your whole life."

"I didn't say that I did," I answered.

Did I, Mr. Editor?

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Send me a calendar so that I can see when my subscription expires, and let me know what kind of uniform the Berlin band wears. I still have a red jacket which I wore 55 years ago when I belonged to the Petersburg fire brigade, so that your band leader won't have any expense in outfitting me.

When Sarah's father was still working on the railroad . . . No, I shall tell you that story when I see you next time.

J. K. Esq.

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Berliner Journal.

March 25, 1908

Mister Glockemann:

Hoscht du jemohls die "Grippe" g'hat? Well, ich hab, un ich winsch sie keem Hund net. Ich glab, wann's net for mei gsunde Kanstituschun un mei guter Lebenswandel gewest wär, het mich der Knochemann desmohl schun geholt.

Mei Kopp hot gefiehlt, als wann en Miehlrad drin in Operäschun wär. Mei Gesicht is feierroth worre, iwerhaubt die Nas, so dasz die Särah geglabt hot, ich het's Wildfeier. Es Kreiz hot mer so weh geduh, als ob mer jemand en Holz-Keidel neigeschmisse het. Ah mei Mage war net in Scheep, so dasz ich nix meh hab schtände kenne, wie en bissel gute alde Schnabs, Handkäs un Summerworscht. Die Särah hot mer ehn Eisehafer voll Hawerschtrohheckselthee gekocht, den ich so hees gesoffe hab, wie ich hab kenne. Der wor awer ah for die Katz, un zu meim Kopp- un Rickeweh, hab ich nau ah nach Bauchweh kriegt. Zum Besserwerre awer wor ken Red net.

Am vierter Dag is der lahm Hengschtdreiwer kumme un hot gemehnt, dasz er ehn Mittel het, wo er als bei seiner Geil juse deht, wann sie die Heaves hette un er wär schur, des wär ah for die Gripp gut. Er hot gsagt, ma sott zu ehme gut rezeptefillender Abadeker geh, 2½ Galloner Affejelly, ½ Unze flissiges Gummi Elastikum and 1½ Buschel Knowlich kaafe un des Deiwelszeig dann in zwee Fasz voll Regewasser gedichdig abkoche un dafu vor jedem Ihmes un vor em Schlofgeh en Quart voll drinke. Jedermann kennt sich das ehfach Mittel daheem zu wenig Expens mache, oder wann ma's verlange sott, deht's ah der Abadeker selwer mixe.

* * *

Well, Mr. Glockemann, ich hab die schtinkig un bitter Brieh gsoffe, un dasz ich darah net krebirt bin, wor net der Medizin ihre Schuld. Am achte Dag hab ich for die schwarz Lisbeth geschickt, die hot mir gebraucht un en Schlangehaut um die Ohre gebunne, un weg wor die Gripp, wie weggeblose, juscht dasz mei Nas jetzt en indigobloes, schtatt en kupperrothes Aussehe hot. Ich hoff awer, dasz ich mich mit der Zeit ah do drah gewehne duh.

Ich hab schun agfange, mei gekochter Cider widde zu enjoyer, wie der Brediger kumme is, der ghert hot, dasz ich die Krenk het, un der mich for mei lange un letschte Rees hot uffixe welle. Er wor arig froh, wie er gsehne hot, dasz ich, vorderhand enyweg, mei Tscheks noch net neizupässe brauch un hot mir die Hand gelangt.

Ich hab ihn dann gekookst, for's Mittagesse zu bleiwe. Er hot erscht net welle; wie ich ihm awer gesagt hab, mir dehte en junge Hahner butscherer, hot er sich doch verschwetze losse un is gebliewe. Ich hab dann en Pitscher voll Cider rufholer losse un hab ihm ah en Glass agebode. Er hot awer nix dofu wisse welle un hot gemehnt:

"Mr. Klotzkopp, Esq., Gedränke, was die Leid besoffig macht, sott der Mensch net juse, un wann ich dich wär, deht ich den Rachereiszer net saufe, for du weescht, er beiszt wie en Schlang un schtecht wie eh Nadder!"

"Net wann ma en bissel Zucker nei duht," hab ich dadruf geantwort.

* * *

Zum Glick is jetzt die Särah in die Sitting Ruhm kumme. Sie hot en sauwerer Schorz gewohre un ah die Schuh agezoge g'hot, so dasz ma ihre verrissenige Schtrimb net hot sehne kenne. For kammen geht sie juscht schtrimpig oder barrefieszig im Haus rum. Sie is des noch fun daheem aus gewehnt, for wo ihre Leid drausze herkumme, verrecke die Schpatze in der Ernd, un so misse sie halt gut Acht gewe uf ihr Schuhwerk.

Sie hot mit dem Brediger Händs gescheekt un noch seiner Misses un der Kinner gfrogt. Dernoh hot sie's Album gholt un ihm ihre ganze Freindschaft gewisse, fum krummbeenige Baby fun ihrem Sekend-Kossin seim Medel, bis zu ihrem Groszvatter; weiter kann sie ihr Herkummes net zuricktresser. Fancy Work awer is der Särah ihrer Fort, especiielly was es Hekler fun Floor Mäts aus Carpetlumbe abelangt. Letscht Wuch hot sie widde ehne ferdig gemacht un sie em Brediger gewisse.

"Well," hot er gesagt, "Mrs. Klotzkopp, du bischt for schur en geborener Artist; sell Schof uf derre Mät kennt gor net nadirlicher sei."

"Des is jo gor ken Schof, du alts . . .," hot die Särah gsagt, "des is en Katz, wie en Blinder sehne kann, un die zwee weisze Knepp sin ihre Age."

* * *

Der Brediger, der die Särah ah kennt, is en Poor Schritt zurick geschteppt un hot gsagt, er seht, er kennt nimme gut uhne Brill duh. Ich hab die Fauscht ins Maul geschteckt, bin naus un hab glacht, dasz ich fascht verblatzt bin. Ihrer Brautkranz, der in ehme Glaskaschte hengt un aus weiswolligem Garn geflochte is, awer seit 30 Johr an der Gehlsucht leid, hot sie ihm jetzt juscht aus purem Schpeit net gewisse, so bees war sie.

Beim Mittagesse hot der Brediger sei Mischtek widder gut gemacht. Er hot gsagt, dasz er in seim ganze Lewe juscht zwee gudguckige Weibsmenscher gsehne het; dodruf hot die Särah glei wisse welle, wer die anner wor, un sie hot ihm die Schofgschicht vergewe ghat.

Noch em Esse hot der Tschannie sei Stick sage misse, wo er am Krischdag Owert gedeklamirt hot. Ich mehn es is arig schee un so schick ich dirs zum Abdrucke mit.

Dheel Landleit hen ken Luscht deheem,
Sie hänkere nooch der Schtadt;
Vor mei Dheel, ich hab immer noch
Kee' Noschen so gehatt.

'S mag gut genung im Schtedel sei —
Geb mir das griene Land;
Do is net alles Haus un Dach,
Net alles Schtroos un Wand.

Was hot m'r in der Schtadt vor Freed?
'S is nix als Lärm un Jacht,
M'r hot kee Ruh de ganse Dag,
Kee Schloff die ganse Nacht.

Die Buwe gucke matt un bleech;
Die Meed sin weisz un dinn.
Sie hen wol scheene Kleeder a',
'S is awer nix rechts drin.

Die Schtadtleit sin zu zimperlich;
Sie rege schier nix a;
Sie brauche net ihr weisze Hend,
Aus Forcht, 's kummt eppes dra'!

Mir is zu wenig Grienes do,
Kee Blumme un kee Beem;
Wann ich e Schtund im Schtedel bin,
Dann will ich widder heem.

Dei Freind,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

March 25, 1908.

Mister Glockemann:

Have you ever had the grippe? Well, I have had it, and I wouldn't wish it on a dog. I believe that if it hadn't been for my healthy constitution and my exemplary way of life the chap with the scythe would have surely gotten me.

My head felt as if a mill-wheel were going around in it. My face became fiery red, particularly my nose, so that Sarah believed that I had wild fire. My back hurt me so as if someone had hit me with a block of wood. My stomach too was not in good shape, so that I could digest only a bit of good, old whisky, hand cheese and summer sausage. Sarah boiled an iron kettle of oat straw chaff tea which I drank as hot as I could stand it. But that was a complete failure, so that I now have stomach ache in addition to my headache and backache. There was no sign of my getting better.

* * *

On the fourth day the Lame Stalliondriver came and said that he had a remedy which he uses for his horses when they have the heaves, and he was sure that it would be good for the grippe. He said you must go to a dispensing apothecary and buy 2½ gallons monkey jelly, one-half ounce liquid gummi elasticum and 1½ bushels garlic and boil this infernal mixture down in two barrels of rain water and drink a quart of it before every meal and at bedtime. Anyone can make this simple remedy at home at little expense, or if you so desired the apothecary could mix it himself.

Well, Mister Glockemann, I guzzled that ill-smelling and bitter concoction, and that it didn't finish me off was not the fault of the medicine. On the eighth day I sent for Black Elizabeth who charmed for me and tied a snake skin about my head and the grippe was gone as if blown away. Only now my nose has an indigo blue appearance instead of a copper red one. I do hope that I can accustom myself to that in time.

I had already begun to enjoy my boiled cider again when the preacher came. He had heard that I was on my last legs and had come to fix me up for my long and final journey. He was quite delighted that for the present at least I would not need to hand in my cheques and shook hands with me.

* * *

I then coaxed him to stay for lunch. At first he didn't want to, but when I told him that we were going to butcher a young rooster he allowed himself to be persuaded and stayed. I had a pitcher of cider fetched from the cellar and offered him a glass. But he didn't want to take it and said:

"Mr. Klotzkopp, Esq., beverages which make people tipsy should not be used. If I were you I would not guzzle that fire water, for you know it bites like a snake and stings like an adder!"

"Not if you put a little sugar in it," I answered.

Fortunately Sarah now came into the sitting room. She was wearing a clean apron and had put on shoes so that you could not see her torn stockings. Usually she just goes around the house in stocking feet or barefoot. She is still accustomed to that from home for where her people come from where the sparrows starve to death in harvest time, consequently they have to take extra good care of their footwear.

She shook hands with the preacher and inquired about his missus and the children. Afterwards she fetched the family album and showed him all her relatives from the bow-legged baby of the daughter of her second cousin right up to her grandfather. She cannot trace her ancestors back beyond that point.

* * *

However fancy-work is Sarah's forte, especially the hooking of floor mats out of carpet rags. Last week she again finished a mat and showed it to the preacher.

"Well, Mrs. Klotzkopp," he said, "you are for sure a born artist; that sheep on that mat could not look more natural."

"That is no sheep at all, you old . . .," Sarah said, "that is a cat as any blind man can see, and the two white buttons are its eyes."

The preacher, who also knows Sarah well, took a couple of steps backwards and said that he will soon be forced to wear glasses. I shoved my fist into my mouth, went outside and laughed so hard I almost burst. Her bridal wreath which hangs in a glass case, and is braided of white woollen yarn, but which has suffered from jaundice for 30 years, she didn't show him out of pure spite, because she was so angry.

At dinner the preacher again atoned for his mistake. He said that in his whole life he had seen only two good-looking women. Sarah immediately wanted to know who the other one was and she immediately forgave him the sheep story.

After dinner Johnny had to say his piece which he recited on Christmas eve. I think it is very beautiful and I am enclosing it for reprint in your paper.

Some rustics have no joy at home,
They hanker for the town;
I've never had a yen to roam,
Such notions get me down.

The town may have its pleasant side,
Give me the country green;
Where no contraptions nature hide,
And all things can be seen.

What pleasure can the town provide?
There's naught but noise and din;
By day there is no rest outside,
By night no rest within.

The boys all look so weak and pale,
The girls are pale and thin;
Though stylish clothes may them regale,
One finds no good therein.

These city folks, a crowd of prudes,
For work they have no time;
Their pale white hands they dare not use,
For fear of germs and grime.

Too little green is there to see,
No trees and flowers grow;
One hour in town is lots for me,
Then home I straightway go.

Your friend,
JOE KLOTZKOPP

Publish Date: 01 Oct 1908

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.



KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 1. Okt. 1908

Mister Glockemann!

Ich hab gehert, dasz du kerzlich in der Neischtadt worscht; do mir awer an dem Dag beim lahmer Hengschtdreiwer am Erbsedresche wore, hab ich net kumme kenne.

Es hot mich ah net gschpeit, do der Handkäsmichel mir gsaht hot, dasz du verdollt wenig Geld in der Werthsheiser gschpend hetscht, un for juscht dich zu sehne un nix zu drinke kriege, geh ich net emol iwig die Schtrosz. Es is halt die alt Geschicht, je reicher die Leit werre, je geiziger werre sie ah.

Wie ich in dem Worschtblettle g'sehne hab, gebts am 26. Okt. widder en Elekschen. Meineswegs! Politicks sin in meiner Estimeschen juscht en nothwendiges und nesseri Iwel, und die zwee Parties gemahner mich immer an en Heerd Sei: die wo am Drog sin, die weller dort bleiwe, un die annere, wo hinner sind, welle hi kumme, un dobei beise, kreische, krunze un geifere sie grad dessehm wie viel fun der Politischens.

* * *

Werd der Kändidet dann geleckt, so guckt er for kammen juscht for sich selwert aus, no mätter ob er en dausend Mol vorher gsagt hot, er deht des Amt juscht ahnemme, um sich uf em Aldar für seiner Kontri zu opfere un zu säkrifeiser. Sie mache sich dann nix me draus, was die freie un independenter Voters sage. Sie gemahne mich immer an der alt Nick., iwer den werd ah die ganz Zeit resonirt und geschimpft, awer er denkt doch immer noch net drah, sei Tschob ufzuschmeisze.

Selle Spietsch iwig die Deitsche in Canada, hab ich ah glese. Sie is all-right, so weit wie sie geht, awer sie geht noch lang net weit genug. Gehör ich net ah zu der braminenter Deitscher? Un mei Name wor net en enzig Mol drin gemenschent. Ich sag dir was, Mr. Glockemann, ich wett mei Akkordian un die grosz Kerbs hinnig em Hinkelhaus, dasz ich schun mehner Schleg fun ehre eirischer Frah kriegt hab, als ergens en annerer deitscher Mann in Canada. Wann sell ken Braminens is, dann halt ich's Maul un sag in Futscher gor nix meh.

Geb mir die Leckschens, wie mir sie als vor 25 und 30 Johr gronnt hen. Heitzudags krigt der Member sei $2,500 for 7 oder 8 Munat im Johr in Ottawa uf der Bank zu hocke, um denne poor Bigbocks uf der zwee Seite zuzuhöre. Mir misse ihn net allenig bezahle, mir misse dazu ah noch's Maul halte. Ei, ich hab in der vorletscht Leckschen net so viel krigt als ich in ehns fun meiner hohler Backezehn het schtecke kenne. Wann sell Freiheit, Liberty und Qualifikation is, dann kann mir die gans Bisnesz gschtohler werre.

* * *

In friherer Zeide hot ma doch noch gwiszt, for was ma schtimmt! Ich wees ehn Leckschen, wo en ganze Haufe fun meiner Freind 50 Cents in Käsch for ihre Schtimm krigt hen. Ich, ofkors, hab sechs Schilling verlangt, weil ich sellemohls noch Pandschtallhalder und Fenzviewer war.

Die Schof, Hund un thoroughbred Hinkel solle dutzendwees gekaaft un bis heit noch net abgeholt worre sei. Die Mehd hen neie Freck un annere Sache gschenkt krigt. Die Sarah hot heitzudags noch en Brodsch, wo mir am Morge fum ehme Leckschendag im Holzschopp gfunne hen. Ofkohrs, selle Brodsch guckt heit so grin aus wie du; die Sarah sagt awer, dasz eirisch Gold mit der Zeit grin werd, un die musz es doch wisse, weil ihr Vader als am Rigelweg gschafft hot.

Was hen mir als for en Zeit neigeduh, wenn georganeist worre is. O mei! Ich denk du kannscht dich ah noch dra erinnere! Heit geht's so drucke her wie bei ehre Sälveschen Army-Hochzig, drum nehm ich ah ken Indres meh dra.

* * *

Der anner Dag war der Grundsausepp hiwer bei uns un hot gsagt, dasz sei Kändidet schur geleckt deht were. Ich hab ihn gefrogt, ob or druf schwere deht.

"Ja," hot er gemehnt.

"Detscht du uf die Biwel druf schwere?" hab ich ihn gfrogt.

"Ja ich deht," sagt er.

Dann hab ich ihn awer geblufft un gfrogt, ob er zwee Schilling druf wette deht.

"Nee," hot er gsagt, "so dick hab ich's Geld dann doch net!"

Es winscht dir dessém,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—Juscht noch eh Ding hab ich vergesse, Mr. Glockemann: Es musz annerscht werre! J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, October 1, 1908

Mister Glockemann:

I heard that you were lately in Neustadt. But since we were on that day threshing peas at the Lame Stallion-Driver's place, I couldn't come.

I did not regret it since Handcheese Mike told me that you spent confounded little money in the hotels. Just to see you without getting anything to drink wouldn't lure me across the street. It is simply the old story: the richer people become, the stingier they are.

As I noticed in your rag there will be an election again on Oct. 26. Let them have it! Politics are in my estimation just a necessary and inescapable evil, and the two parties always remind me of a bunch of pigs: those which are at the trough want to stay there, and the others that are at the back want to get there, and to accomplish this they bite, bellow, grunt and drivel just as many of our politicians do.

* * *

As soon as the candidate is elected he looks only after his own selfish interests, no matter if he has said a thousand times previously that he was accepting the position with the sole purpose of offering and sacrificing himself on the altar of his country. They don't care then what the free and independent voters say. They remind me always of old Nick. People are always grumbling and scolding about him but he has as yet no intention of throwing in the sponge.

I read that speech about the Germans in Canada. It is all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go nearly far enough. Don't I too belong to the prominent Germans? And my name was not mentioned once in it. I tell you, Mister Glockemann, I bet my accordion and the big pumpkin behind the chicken house that I have already gotten more beatings from an Irish wife than any other German husband in Canada. If that is not prominence then I shall shut my mouth and say nothing more in the future.

* * *

Give me the elections as we ran them 25 or 30 years ago. Nowadays the member gets his $2,500 for sitting on a bench for seven or eight months in Ottawa in order to listen to the few big-bugs of both parties. We don't only have to pay him, we also have in addition to keep our mouths shut. Indeed I didn't get enough in the second last election to fill one of my hollow molars. If that is freedom, liberty and ability, then the whole business can go to blazes.

In former times you had some idea for what you voted. I remember an election in which a whole crowd of my friends got 50 cents each in cash for their vote. I, of course, asked for 75 cents because I was at that time still pound-keeper and fence-viewer.

Sheep, dogs and thoroughbred chickens were bought by the dozen but have not been collected even by now. The girls got new dresses and other things as presents. Sarah has even now a brooch which we found on election day in the woodshed. Of course that brooch looks now as green as you do, but Sarah says that Irish gold gets green in time, and she must surely know for her father worked on the railroad.

* * *

What a time we used to have when we organized. Oh my! I imagine you can also remember it! Today everything is as dry as a Salvation Army wedding and for that reason I no longer take any interest in it.

The other day Groundhog Joe was at our house and said that his candidate would be elected for sure. I asked him if he would swear on it.

"Yes," he said.

"Would you swear on it on the Bible?" I asked him.

"Yes I would," he said.

Then I called his bluff and asked whether he would bet 25 cents on it.

"No," he said, "I am not as flush as that!"

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—I have forgotten only one thing, Mister Glockemann: we cannot go on like this any longer! J. K. Esq.

YOUR HEALTH

WOODFINISHING SUPERVISOR

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 28. Okt. 1908

Mister Glockemann:

Well Sir, ich kann dir awer sage, dasz ich froh bin dasz die Leckschen vorbei is. Ich hab gschafft wie en Nigger beim Grundsauesse, un wann's net for mich gwest wär, wär der Mister Miller in Soud-Grey gleft worre. Mir, un niemand sunscht, hot er's zu verdanke, dasz er gleckt worre ist.

Mei Spietsch hot's geduh, die ich am Owet for der Leckschen in unserm Schulhaus ghalte hab. Der Blutworschtnatz wor Tschärmann, un I tell you what, wie ich ufgschtanne bin, um mei Mehning iwer der Grand Trunk Pacific Rigelweg zu sage, hen die Leit getschiert un die Hit in die Luft gschmisse, dasz ma's for en Fäkt in der Neischtadt gehert hot.

Zum Schlusz hab ich noch gsagt:

"Mister Tschärmann, Feller Citizens und annere Mitberger!

"Mir hen nau genung fun der Tschin-Musik uf beede Seite ghert. Un die Zeit is jetzt beikumme, dasz mir all zsamme kumme, um sell duh misse, was mir bis doher noch net geduh hen. Nau, kummt all zsamme morge un rollt en liberal Mätjority in Soud-Grey uff, dasz sie rollt un rollt all iwig's County Grey, all iwig die Provinz Ontario, all iwig die Dominion Cänady, un iwig die See bis niwer zum King Edward, wo uff seim goldige Thron hockt, un er werd sage: "Du liewige Zeit, was die Liberals in Soud-Grey widder en allmechtige Mätjority uffgerollt hen! Well, well, wer het sell inschpeckt'."

* * *

Un, Mister Glockemann, wie hab ich erscht am Leckschen-Dag geschafft! Nomiddags hab ich die ald groh Mähr eigespannt un bin nunner zum rothe Hannes, for ihn zu drehe, dasz er uf unser Seid schtimme duht. Er wor grad domit bissi, en Keg Hüther's Droppe abzuboddler, un dasz er friher damit ferdig werd, hab ich ihm gholfe.

Je länger mir awer geboddelt hen, je mehner hen mir gschwetzt, un wie ich ihn iwerzeigt ghat hab, dasz unser Seit die eenzige gute for's Land is, wors ½ 5 Uhr. Mir hen jetzt die Poor Droppe Bier, die noch im Fasz worre, in en Sechsbens-Haffe gschitt un ausgedrunke, un sin dann losgeschtärt.

Wie mer awer 40 Ruthe fum Schulhaus kumme sin, hot grad die Bell gerunge, un wie mer hen schtimme wolle, hen sie gsagt, der Pohl wer juscht vor zwee Minute geklost worre. So en Affeschand! Wann die Werthsheiser am Leckschendag net geschlosse gweszt wäre, het ich em rothe Hannes net so lang gholfe, Bier zu boddler, un unser Kändidet het dann zwee Schtimme mehner kriegt.

Aus der Expirienz loszt sich juscht die eenzig konkluschen ziehe, dasz alles zwee Seite hot, sogar's Zuschliesze fun der Werthsheiser am Leckschendag. Wann der Mr. Miller net derzu tent, dasz mir persönal Liberty am Pohldag kriege, schtimm ich änyhow nimmer for ihn.

* * *

Mir hen jetzt alles drin, except die Schwedriwer un Winterzwiwel. Ah's Sauerkraut is gut grothe un alle Indekeschens weise druf hin, dasz die Brodwerscht im neckschte Winter länger werre wie seit viele Johre. Gell, wann ich fun Brodwerscht schwetz, dehtscht Du ah gleiche en Bauer zu sei? Wann Du awer in der Ernt zugucke mischt, wie ich als duh, wie die Leit sich schinne un bloge, dann deht's Dir vergeh.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—Die alt groh Mähr is letscht Nacht verreckt. Sie wor grad kenn Reesgaul meh, awer mei Trip mit em rothe Hannes zum Schtimmpohl, wor doch der letscht Schtrohhalm der em Kamehl der Buckel gebroche hot. Um mich zu kampensete, sott der Miller mich zum eh Senator äppointer. Die $2,500 Säläry kennt ich grad so leicht ziehe wie ergens ehns fun denne annere Members, un alt, schteif, dorschtig un labbig genug, bin ich ah derzu.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, October 28, 1908

Mister Glockemann:

Well, sir, I can tell you that I am indeed glad that the election is over. I worked like a horse, and if it hadn't been for me, Mr. Miller would have been out in the cold in South Grey. He owes it to me and to no one else that he was elected.

My speech, which I made on the evening before the election in our schoolhouse, turned the trick. Bloodsausage Nat was chairman, and I tell you what, when I got on my feet to air my opinions about the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, the people cheered and threw their hats in the air, that you for a fact could hear the uproar in Neustadt.

* * *

In conclusion I said the following:

"Mister Chairman, fellow citizens and other citizens:

"We have now heard enough chin music on both sides. And the time has arrived to do what we have not yet done up to this time. Now let us all gather tomorrow and roll up a Liberal majority in South Grey so that it will roll and roll all over Grey County, all over the Province of Ontario, all over the Dominion of Canada, and across the ocean to King Edward sitting on his golden throne, so that he will say: 'Good heavens, what an almighty majority the Liberals in South Grey have rolled up again! Well, well, who would have expected that'!"

And, Mister Glockemann, you should have seen me working on election day. In the afternoon I hitched up the old grey mare and went down to Red Jack's so that he would turn and vote for our side. He was just then busy bottling a keg of Huether's drops (a Berlin, Ont., beer). So that he would get done more quickly, I helped him.

* * *

But the more we bottled, the more we palavered, and by the time I had convinced him that our side was the only good one for the country, it was half past four. We now poured the few drops of beer which were still in the keg into a sixpence crock and drank it, and then started out.

However, when we were 40 rods from the schoolhouse, the bell rang, and when we wanted to vote they told us that the poll had closed 2 minutes earlier. Such a blooming shame! If the hotels had not been closed on election day, I should not have helped Red Jack bottle beer so long, and our candidate would then have gotten two more votes.

One conclusion that can be drawn from this experience is that everything has two sides, even the closing of the taverns on election day. If Mr. Miller does not see to it that we get personal liberty on election day, I shall definitely not vote for him again.

* * *

We have all the crops in except the turnips and winter onions. The sauerkraut has turned out splendid, and all indications point to the fact that the pork sausages next winter will be longer than they have been for many years. When I mention pork sausage I suppose you too would like to be a farmer? But if you had to observe from the sidelines, as I usually do, how the people torment and torture themselves in harvest time, you would lose your yen for it.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—The old grey mare kicked the bucket last night. She was not exactly a racehorse any more, and my trip with Red Jack to the polling station was evidently the straw that broke the camel's back. In order to compensate me for my loss, Miller should appoint me a senator. The $2,500 salary I could draw just as well as one of the other members, and I am in addition also old, stiff, thirsty and silly enough.

I wish you the same,

J. K. Esq.

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RITTINGER

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 28. Okt. 1908

Mister Glockemann:

Vielleicht hen en Dehl fun deiner Leser unnerdraus, die bis jetzt noch net die Freid un Opportschunity ghat hen, mich persönelly zu treffe un zu triete, schun bei sich selwert gedenkt, sella ald Schmierlappe fun ehme Klotzkopp musz doch mehner Tschiek wie en Sandfloh hawe, dasz er die ganz Zeit Esquire hinnig seim Name kritzler duht.

Well, Mr. Glockemann, du kennscht mich schun sidder 30 Johr un weescht, dasz ich net mit annere Leit ihrer Feddrer Schtaat mach. No şeri, sell hab ich net nedig un is ah net mei Schteil. Ich bin ehns fun der letschter Kraun-Officers, wo der Mr. George Washington Rosz appointed hot, so dasz es net juscht mei Pflicht, sonnern ah mei Duty is, Esquire hinnig mei Name zu schreiwe. Domino!

Ich hab awer bis jetzt noch net als Mägistret geäkt un immer gerifust en Keehs zu nemme, bis am letschte Dienschtag der Blutworschnatz kumme is un gsagt hot, er het en Komplent oder Kompliment, wie ma's im Englische heesze duht, gege der Nigger Jim zu mache. All reid, Natz, hab ich gsagt, die Kourt is morge Nomiddag do in meim Haus.

Ich hab dann der Kunschtabler in meim Biet, was der krumbeenig Hannjerg is, niwer zum Nigger Jim gschickt un ihm sage losse, dasz der Blutworschtnatz ihn gschuht het un er am neckschter Dag vor mir in meiner Käpäsity as Mägistret zu äppierer het. Wann er net kumme deht, miszt ich ihn um $100 feiner, oder in zwee Woche in Owen Sound henke losse.

* * *

Sie sin dann ah kumme, you bet! Wie sie die Diehr ufgmacht hen, hen sie alle Beed: "Guden Dag, Joe!" gsagt.

Ich hab awer ken Word gsagt; erscht hab ich mei blohe Brill uf die Nas gsetzt un dann hab ich gebrillt:

"Ihr braucht eich gar net azuschmeichler, ich bin heit net der Joe for eich, ich bin der Mister Joseph Klotzkopp, Esquire, Mägistret un Friedensrichter, Reprisentetive fum Edward VII, fun Great Britain un Eierland, King, un was sunscht noch drum un drah henkt. Ich hock do am Kenig seim Blatz, um eier Keehs zu diseite weil er net gut iwerall in seim groszer Land zu der sehm Zeit sei kann. So, jetzt kann's losgeh; was ich dann der Druwel ennigerweg."

Do is der Kunschtabler ufgschtanne, hot sei Belzkapp fum Kopp gnumme un gsagt: "May it please your Honor!" (Guck, der hot gwiszt wie mich zu adresse.) "Der Natz hot der Jim wege Dämmitsch gschuht, weil em Jim sei Hund zwee fum Natz seiner Sei der Schwanz rausgrisse hot."

Dann hab ich gsagt, der Kläger sott ufschteh un sei Seit fun der Schtori gewe. Do is dann der Natz vor mei Disch kumme un hot sei Druwel verzehlt:

"Mister Klotzkopp, Esquire," hot er ahgfange, "die anner Woch sin zwee fun meiner Sei aus em Mischthof gbroche un sin dann uf die Schtrosz.

* * *

"Ich wor am Pfluge un hab nix dafu gewiszt, un wie ich Owets heemkumme bin, wore beede Sei die Schwenz rausgerisse. Die Sei sin scheins uf em Nigger Jim sei Blatz kumme un hen vielleicht en Poor Ebbel dort gfresse, un for sell hen sie ihrer groszer Bullhund hinnig sie her ghetzt, der meiner zwee Sei die Schwenz rausgrisse hot — un for sell het ich gern $14 Dämmitsch. Sell is all."

"Well, Jim," hab ich dann gsagt, "was is dei Difens?"

"Mr. Mägistret," sagt der Nigger, "ich hab en Hund un sell is en Hund. Er loszt nix Fremdes in der Hof kumme, un wie em Natz sei Sei kumme sin un mei Ebbel gfresse hen, do hot der Hund halt gmehnt, sie sotte for die Ebbel bezahle, un weil sie sunscht nix ghat hen, hot er ihne halt die Schwenz rausgrisse. Ich verlang ken Dämmitsch for die Ebbel, ich will awer ah ken Dämmitsch for die Schwenz bezahle."

Ich bin dann in die Kich un hab mit der Särah iwer die Keehs gschwetzt. Wie ich dann widder in die Sidding Ruhm gkumme bin, hab ich gsagt:

"Des is en Keehs, wo net viel drin is. Seischwenz hen ken groszer Werth, in Fäkt, ich wees gor net, for was die Sei eegentlich Schwenz hen. Sie kenne ken Mucke domit verdreiwe un ah sunscht nix. Die Särah sagt, sie wiszt ah net for was Seischwenz gut were, exsept ma deht sie in en Eisehafe voll Sauerkraut schtecke.

* * *

"Dasz die Sei selwert net viel um ihre Schwenz gewe, fun sellem bin ich schur. Ich hab emol ehn fette Sau ghat, die iwer 400 Pfund gwoge hot, selle hot sich im Schtall der Schwanz fun Ratte abfresse losse, un is net emol ufgschtanne, un es is mei ufrichdige Meehning, dasz en Sau so gut ab is ohne Schwanz wie mit ehme Schwanz. Ich kann for sell kehn Dämmitsch in der Keehs erlauwe un diseit for sell, dasz jeder fun eich die Helfte fun der Koschte bezahlt — $2.50."

Der Natz un der Jim hen Gsichter gmacht wie en gstoche Schoof, un hen afange welle zu maule. Der krummbeenig Hannjerg hot awer so laut, "Silence in der Kourt!" gkrische, dasz die zwee wie en Hosesackmesser zusammegeklappt sin. Sie hen dann ihre Pocketbicher rausgholt un jeder hot mir $2.50 Koschte bezahlt.

Wie sie awer en Risieht verlangt hen, hab ich gsaht, die Lah schreibt vor, dasz alle Risiehts mit Dinde gschriwe were misse, do ich awer kenne im Haus hab, misse mir mitnanner zum Loui, un ich mufs jetzt, dasz sich die Kourt adtschornt. Der Kunschtabler hot's gesekended un ford sin mir.

Wie der Natz un der Jim sie dann en poor Mol beim Loui for mich ufgsetzt ghat hen, hab ich gsagt:

"So, Nochborre, jetzt vedragt eich widder un vergeszt net, dasz es net bezahlt, an die Lah zu geh, un wann's juscht for em Squire is."

* * *

Noch ehre Schtund oder so is es mir dann ah geglickt, dasz sie sich widder vergewe hen. Dodriwer hab ich mich so gfreit, dasz ich die Drinks hab kumme losse welle; awer ich hab's doch net geduh, weil ich geglabt hab, sie kennte vielleicht zu viel kriege.

Eb ich heem bin, hab ich ihne awer zu verschteh gewe, dasz wenn sie mir noch en Bitters beschtelle dehte, sie mich widder Joe heesze derfte. Dodriwer hot sich der Natz un der Jim gfreit wie eh Kuh vor ehme Reff voll Erbseschtroh, un wie ich dann um ½ 10 Uhr um die Eck gwusselt bin, hab ich sie noch here singe:

Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen,
Und haben einander so lieb.

Es winscht der dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neustadt, October 28, 1908

Mister Glockemann:

Perhaps some of your readers down under, who haven't had the pleasure and opportunity of meeting me personally and of treating me, have thought to themselves that that old scribbler bloke of a Klotzkopp must have more cheek than a sand-flea always to be scribbling Esquire behind his name.

Well, Mister Glockemann, you have known me for 30 years and know that I do not preen myself with other people's finery. No siree, I do not require to do that and it is also not in my style. I am one of the last crown officers who was appointed by Mr. George Washington Ross, so that it is not only an obligation but also my duty to write Esquire behind my name. Domino!

But up until now I have never acted as magistrate and have always refused to take a case. However, last Tuesday Bloodsausage Nat came and said that he had to bring a complaint, or compliment, as you call it in English against Black Jim. "All right, Nat," I said, "the court will be tomorrow afternoon here at my house."

* * *

I then sent the constable in my beat, bow-legged John George, over to Black Jim to tell him that Bloodsausage Nat had sued him, and that he had to appear before me the next day in my capacity of magistrate. If he didn't appear I would have to fine him $100 or have him hanged in two weeks at Owen Sound.

But both of them came, you bet! When they opened the door, both of them said: "Good day, Joe!"

But I didn't say a word. I first put my blue spectacles on my nose and then I bellowed:

"You don't have to try to ingratiate yourselves with me, I am not Joe to you today, I am Mister Joseph Klotzkopp, Esquire, magistrate and justice of the peace, representative of Edward VII of Great Britain and Ireland, King, and whatever else is connected thereto. I am sitting here in the King's place to decide your case, because he cannot be everywhere in his enormous domain at the same time. Well, now it can begin. What is the trouble anyway?"

* * *

Now the constable got up, took his fur cap off his head and said: "May it please Your Honor!" (See, he knows how to address me.) "Nat has sued Jim for damages, because Jim's dog tore out the tails of two of Nat's pigs."

Then I said that the plaintiff should stand up and recite his side of the story. Then Nat walked up to my table and related his trouble:

"Mister Klotzkopp, Esquire," he began, "the other week two of my pigs broke out of the manure yard and went out on the street.

"I was plowing and wasn't aware of it, and when I came home in the evening both pigs had their tails torn out. The pigs seemingly got over into Black Jim's place and probably ate a few apples there, and for that they set their big bulldog on the pigs who tore out the tails of two of my pigs and for that I would like to have $14 damages. That is all."

"Well, Jim," I said then, "what is your defence?"

"Mr. Magistrate," said Jim, "I have a dog and that is a dog. He permits no foreign things in our yard, and when Nat's pigs came and ate my apples the dog simply thought the apples should be paid for, and because they had nothing else, he simply tore out their tails. I desire no damages for the apples, but I also don't want to pay damages for the tails."

* * *

I then went to the kitchen and talked over the case with Sarah. When I then got back to the sitting room I said:

"This is a case of piffling importance. Pigs' tails have little value, in fact I don't really know why pigs have tails. They can't chase flys with them and also nothing else. Sarah says she also does not know of what value pigs' tails are other than sticking them in a dutch oven with sauerkraut.

"That the pigs themselves are not very much concerned about their tails of that I am certain. I once had a fat pig which weighed over 400 pounds which allowed its tail to be eaten off by rats in the pig stable without even getting up. It is my honest opinion that a pig with its tail off is as well off as one with a tail. I cannot allow any damages in the case for that, and my decision therefore is that each of you pay half the costs — $2.50."

Nat and Jim made faces like stuck sheep and wanted to give me lip. But bow-legged John George shouted "silence in the court" so loudly that the two folded up like a pocket jackknife. They then got out their wallets and each of them paid me $2.50 costs.

* * *

When they requested a receipt, I said, that the law prescribes that all receipts must be written in ink. Since I had none in the house we would have to go together to Louis' (Hotel) and I move now that the court adjourn. The constable seconded the motion and away we went.

After Nat and Jim had set up the drinks a couple of times for me at Louis' I said:

"So, neighbors, now you'd better live in harmony again, and don't forget that it doesn't pay to go to law, even if it is only before the squire."

After an hour or so I succeeded in having them make up again. I was so happy about that that I wanted to call for a round of drinks but I didn't do it, because I felt that they might become tipsy.

Before I went home, however, I gave them to understand that if they ordered one more bitters for me they would again be allowed to call me Joe. About that Nat and Jim were happier than a cow before a basket of pea straw, and as I whisked around the corner at 9:30 p.m. I still could hear them singing:

We are sitting so happily together,
And hold one another so dear.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.



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Note: Credited to the Klotzkopp character's wife.


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Brief von Mrs. Särah Klotzkopp
Ueber die heirathslustigen Mädchen

Neischtadt, Dezember 10, 1906

Mister Glockemann!

Diehr Sir: — Nix for ungut! Awer des Mägistret-Bisnis is nix for mei alter Ehekrippel. Du hetscht emol den Hoorbeidel sehne solle, den er an sellem Owet fun der Neischtadt heemgebrocht hot.

Well Sir, am neckschte Morge, ehe er ausgschlofe ghat hot, bin ich durch sei Hosseseck — juscht zu sehne, ob ken Loch drin is — un do hab ich en Brief an dich gefunne, den er vergesse ghat hot in die Poschtbox beim Tscheck zu drappe. Er hot fun der Servant Girl-Frag ghandelt. Der Joe hot of kours der Med ihre Seid gnumme un mich wie en feierschpuckiger Drache hischtelle welle.

Der heichlerisch Drobb! Awer newer meind, was em Joe un dem Brief nochher gehäppened is, sell geht niemand ebbes ah!

* * *

Die Rieson, warum ich die letscht Mad fortgschickt hab, wor, weil sie zu verrickt ufs heiere wor. Wann ihrer Kerl net jeder Owet bis 10 Uhr bei ihr ghockt hot, hot sie am neckschte Dag en Gsicht gmacht als ob sie Hutzelbrih und Bittersalz gsoffe het. Wor awer ihr Feller doh, so wor des en Gegirr un en Gfladuserei, dasz ma gmeent hot, mer sott die Krenk kriege.

Ich hab sechs Mol in die Kich geh kenne un der Mad sage, sie sott die Katz naus duh un die Uhr úfziege, es hot awer alles nix gebad. Sie hot der Hint net gnumme, bis ich zu guter Letscht ihr Honey (wie sie ihn immer gheese hot) am Wickel gnumme un nausgschmisse hab. Am neckschte Morge is ah sie gange, ohne awer, dasz sie vorher den fun ihrem Honey mit Tschahduwacksbrieh verschpaute Ofer un Flohr ufgewesche ghat het.

Nau, Mr. Glockemann, kannscht du mir explene, wie's kummt, dasz alle junge Med fun 15 bis 40 Johr ald, so uf's Heiere verrickt sin? Do gebt's grosze un kleene, schlechte un alde, magere un fette, garschtige un scheene, schlechte un gute, schwarze, weisze un ah gehle Med, en poor wo koche un gor arig viel wo net koche kenne, gscheide un dumme; in ehm Punkt sin sie awer all gleich: all welle sie en Mann.

* * *

Sie sehne ihre verheirathete Freindinne mager, krank, bleech, dinnhorig un draurig were; sie sehne wie der Kinnersege sich jedes Johr vergreszert, awer trotzdem sin sie jealous uf all, die's Ehejoch im Gnick drage. Ich begreif die Med for en Fäkt net, un doch wor ich grad ah so en dummes Kamehl.

Die Med bleiwe sich immer gleich; Heit Owet riske sie's beim scheenschte Wetter net, 5 Minute lang im Gorde Schpaziere zu geh, aus Bang, sie kennte Kald ketsche, un morge Owet brenne sie beim greschte Gewitter- un Schneeschtorm mit ihrem Feller dorch, wann er juscht gsagt hot, er wott sie heirer. An den Gewitterschtorm nochher, denke sie gor net.

Wann en Medel ah ihr Mudder sidder 25 Johr kennt, un ihr Liebschter erscht seid 25 Dag, so glabt sie doch eher der Worde, die er ihr leislich ins Ohr flischtert, als denne, wo die Mudder laud schwetzt.

Es gebt meiner Mehning noch juscht zwee Riesons, wann en Medel oder Wittfrah rifust, en Heirathsoffer ahzunehmer, endweder is es in ihrem Kopp net gans recht, oder sie inschpeckte ebbes besseres.

Ich envy en alde Meed, die ihr ganse Lieb ihrem Schoszhund säkrifeist. So en Pudel werd net besoffe, schimpft net iwer Exträvägens, geht Owets net in's Schteddel, un leit schtill un ruhig unnerm Schtuhl. En Mann awer duht des alles net, mit der Exsepschun, dasz er manchmol unnerm Disch leiht un noch schlimmer schnarckst wie en unverniftig Schtick Vieh.

* * *

Werd so en Hund ald, so werre sei Zeh los un er liegt dann Schtill vor em Offe un leckt sich die Pode; wann awer der Mann ald werd, so beiszt er schlimmer wie friher, ganz espeschälly uf sei arme Frah.

Mister Glockemann, ich wees fun was ich schwetz! En Hund macht schun hi un do emol der Karbet dreckig, dofor awer schmockt er ken Tchaduwack, fun dem 's Haus Johr ei, Johr aus, schtinkt. Verreckt der Hund, so kann ma leicht en neier kaafe, der die Hand fun ehre alde Frah grad so gern leckt, wie die fun ehme 18jehrige Medel. Alles werd dankbor agnumme.

Bringt ma awer emol em Mann zu heeses Wasser un sei Rasirmesser, so macht er Aage wie en Besessener un brillt: "Glabscht du vielleicht ich bin en junge Sau, die abgebriht werre soll?" oder "Nemm die Kinner naus, oder ich schneid ihne der Hals ab!"

* * *

Die Schpärk- un Engetschmentzeit is die schenst Zeit in der Med ihrem ganze Lewe, un die hert uf, sobal der Heirathsknippel geknippeld is.

Ich musz jetzt awer ufhere, der Lisbeth ihrer Kleener fangt ah zu kreische. Des is es Bobby, wo der Joe immer mit bräckt, es deht ihm jede Dag mehne gleich werre. Ja, do hot er doch for emohl recht. Es halt mich jetzt schun jede Nacht iwer wach, es hot immer Dorscht un is morgend's grad so kränky wie er ah.

Mit Rigards un yours druly
MRS. SARAH FLANNIGAN KLOTZKOPP.

N.B.—Ich hab in meiner junge Johre en Medel gekennt, die Bang vor ehre gutherzige alde Kuh ghat hot, die in ihrem ganze Lewe nix Beses geduh hot, die nochher (ich mehn's Medel, net die Kuh) en alde Soldat mit ehme holzige Beh un ehme Glasaag geheiert hot, der immer domit gebräckt hot, dasz er im Side 17 Niggers dodgschosse het. Wann en Medel en Poor Korsets kaaft, bedenkt sie sich 15 Mol, awer net en enzig Mol, wann sich's drum handelt, en Mann zu nehme.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
MRS. J. F. K., Esq

Letter from Mrs. Sarah Klotzkopp
Re the craze of girls to get married

Neustadt, December 10, 1906

Mister Glockemann:

Dear Sir: — No hard feelings! But the magistrate business is not suitable for my old moronic bed-partner. You should have seen the jag-on which he brought home from Neustadt that evening.

Well sir, the next morning before he had slept out, I went through his pants' pockets just to see if there were any holes in them and then I found a letter to you which he had forgotten to drop into the post box at Jake's. It dealt with the servant-girl question. Joe, of course, took the girls' side and attempted to picture me as a fire-breathing dragon.

The hypocritical wretch! But never mind; what happened to Joe and the letter afterwards that is nobody's business.

The reason for my chasing out the last maid was her inordinate desire to get married. If her fellow did not stay with her until 10 o'clock she made a face the next day as if she had guzzled dried apple juice and Epsom salts. But if her fellow was there then there was enough cooing and fussing to turn your stomach.

* * *

I could go into the kitchen six times and tell the maid to put out the cat and wind the clock, but all to no avail. She didn't take the hint until I finally took her honey (as she always called him) by the collar and threw him out. The next morning she too went and without washing up the stove and the floor which had been well spat up with chewing tobacco juice by her honey.

Now, Mister Glockemann, can you explain to me how it is that all young girls from the time they are 15 up until 40 are so crazy about marrying? There are big ones and small ones, young and old ones, thin and stout ones, ugly and beautiful ones, bad and good ones, black, white and also yellow girls, a few who can cook and extremely many who can't, smart and stupid ones; in one point they all agree: they all want a man.

They see their married girl friends become emaciated, sick, pale, almost hairless and depressed. They see how the family expands year by year, nevertheless they are jealous of all those who suffer the marriage yoke. I can for a fact not understand the girls and yet I, too, was such a stupid lummox.

* * *

The girls never change. Tonight they will not risk taking a five-minute walk in beautiful weather in the garden, for fear they could catch cold; the next evening they will make off with their fellow in the most fearful lightning and thunder or a snowstorm if he simply says he would marry them. They don't think of the thunderstorm that follows the marriage.

Even if a girl has known her mother for 25 years and her beau only for 25 days, she prefers to believe what he sweetly whispers into her ear to what her mother says out loud.

In my opinion there are only two reasons for a girl or widow refusing to take an offer of marriage: either she has bats in her belfry, or she expects something better.

I envy an old maid who devotes all her affection to her lap dog. Such a poodle does not get drunk, doesn't scold about extravagances, doesn't go off to town in the evening and lies motionless and quietly under a chair. But a man doesn't do that with this exception, that he often lies under the table, and snores worse than a dumb animal.

* * *

When such a dog gets old his teeth become loose and he then sits quietly in front of the stove and licks his feet. But if a man gets old he hacks worse than ever particularly at his poor wife.

Mister Glockemann, I know what I am talking about! A dog messes up the carpet once in a while, on the other hand does not smoke chewing tobacco which stinks up the house year in and year out. If the dog kicks the bucket you can easily buy a new one which licks the hand of an old woman as avidly as that of an 18-year-old girl. Everything is gratefully accepted.

But if you ever bring a husband overly hot water and his razor, he gives you a look like one possessed and screams: "Do you think I am a young pig that is to be scalded?" or "Take the children out or I'll cut their throats!"

The courting and engagement period is the loveliest time in a girl's life, and that is over as soon as the wedding knot is tied.

* * *

But I must conclude now; Lizzie's youngster is beginning to yell. That is the brat about which Joe always brags that it is getting to look more like him every day. Yes, here he is right for once. The brat even now keeps me awake all night, it is always thirsty and is just as cranky in the morning as he is.

With regards and yours truly.
MRS. SARAH FLANNIGAN KLOTZKOPP.

N.B.—I knew a young girl in my younger years who was even afraid of a good-natured old cow, and who had done nothing bad in her whole life, who afterwards (I mean the girl, not the cow) married an old soldier with a wooden leg and a glass eye, who always bragged that he had shot 17 darkies in the southern states. When a girl buys a few corsets she thinks the matter over 15 times, but she doesn't even ponder a single minute when it's a matter of choosing a husband.

I wish you the same,
MRS. J. F. K., Esq.

MacEachen Evades Medicare Comment

Publish Date: 10 Dec 1908

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Appeared in: *Kitchener Daily Record*

Note: Same letter from an earlier reprint and legibility issues.

Letter From Mrs. Klotzkopp

Ueber die heirathslustigen Mädches

Neischtadt, 10. Dez. 19[illegible].

Mister Glockemann!

Diehr Sir:—Nix for ungut! Awer des Mägistret-Bisnis is nix for mei [illegible]ter Ehekrippel. Du hetscht emol [illegible] Hoorbeidel sehne solle, den er an sel[illegible]lem Owet fun der Neischtdat heem[illegible]brocht hot. Well Sir, am neckschte Morge, ehe er ausgschlofe ghat hot, bin ich durch sei Hosseseck — jus[illegible] zu sehne, ob ken Loch drin is — un do hab ich en Brief an dich gefunne, den er vergesse ghat hot in die Poschtbox beim Tscheck zu drappe. Er hot fun der Servant Girl-Frag ghandelt. Der Joe hot of kours der Med ihre Seid gnumme un mich wie en feierschpuckiger Drache hischteile welle. Der heichlerisch Drabb! Awer newer meind; was en Joe un [illegible] Brief noch nochher gehappend is, sell geht niemand ebbes ah!

Die Rieson, darum ich [illegible] Mad fortgschickt had, wor, [illegible] sie zu verrickt ufs heiere wor. Wann ihr Kerl net jeder Owet bis 10 Uhr bei ihr ghockt hot, hot [illegible] neckschte Dag en G[illegible] [illegible] ob sie Hutzelbrih [illegible] gsoffe het. Wor awer [illegible] deh, so wor des en Gegrin un en Gflad[illegible], dasz ma [illegible] sott die Krenk kriege. [illegible] hot [illegible]seens Mol in die Kich geh [illegible] un der Mad sage, sie sott die Katz naus duh un die Uhr ufziehe, es hot awer alles nix gebad. Sie hot der Hint net gnumme, bis ich zu guter Letscht ihr Honey (wie sie ihn immer gheese hot) am Wickel gnumme un nausgschmisse hab. Am neckschte Morge is ah sie gange, ohne awer, dasz sie vorher den fun ihrem Honey mit Tschahduwacksbrieh verschpaute Ofer un Flohr ufgwesche ghat het.

Nau, Mr. Glockemann, kannscht du mir explene, wie 's kummt, dasz alle junge Med fun 15 bis 40 Johr ald, so uf's Heiere verrickt sin? Do geht's grosze un kleene, junge un alde, magere un fette, garschtige un scheene, schlechte un gute, schwarze, weisze un ah gehle Med, en poor wo koche un gor arig viel wo net koche kenne, gscheide un dumme; in ehm Punkt sin sie awer all gleich: all welle sie en Mann. Sie sehne ihre verheiratkete Freindinne mager, krank, bleech, dinnhorig und draurig were; sie sehne wie der Kinnersege sich jedes Johr vergreszert, awer trotzdem sin sie jealous uf all, die 's Ehejock im Gnick drage. Ich begreif die Med for en Fäkt net, un doch wor ich grad ah so en dummes Kamehl.

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Es geit meiner Mehning noch [illegible] Riesons, wann en Medel oder Wittfrah rifust, en Heirathsoffer ahzunehme, endweder is es in ihrem Kopp net gans recht, oder sie inschpeckte ebbes besseres.

Ich envy en alde Meed, die ihr ganse Lieb ihrem Schoszhun sakrifeist. So en Pudel werd net besoffe, schimpft net iwer Extrávägens, geht Owets net in's Schteddel, un leit schtill un ruhig unnerm Schtuhl. En Mann awer duht des alles net, mit der Exsepschun, dasz er manchmol unnerm Disch leiht un noch schlimmer schnarckst wie en unverninftig Schtick Vieh. Werd so en Hund ald, so werre sei Zeh los un er liegt dann schtill vor em Ofe un leckt sich die Pode; wann awer der Mann ald werd, so beiszt er schlimmer wie friher, ganz espeschälly uf sei arme Frah. Mister Glockemann, ich wees fun was ich schwetz! En Hund macht schun hi un do emol der Karbet dreckig, dofor awer schmockt er ken Tschahduwack, fun dem 's Haus Johr ei, Johr aus, schtinkt. Verreckt der Hund, so kann ma leicht en neier kaafe, der die Hand fun ehre alde Frah grad so gern leckt, wie die fun ehme 18jehrige Medel. Alles werd dankbor agnumme. Bringt ma awer emol am Mann zu heeses Wasser un sei Rasirmesser, so macht er Aage wie en Bsessener un brills: "Glabscht du vielleicht ich bin en junge Sau, die abgebriht werre soll?" oder "Nemm die Kinner naus, oder ich schneid ihne der Hals ab!"

Die Schpärk- un Engetschmentzeit is die schenst Zeit in der Med ihrem ganze Lewe, un die hert uf, sobal der Heirathsknippel geknippeld is.

Ich musz jetzt awer ufhere, der Lisbeth ihrer Kleener fangt ah zu kreische. Des is es Bobby, wo der Joe immer mit bräckt, es deht ihm jede Dag mehne gleich werre. Jo, do hot er doch for ehmol recht. Es halt mich jetzt schun jede Nacht iwer wach, es hot immer Dorscht un is morgends grad so kränky wie er ah.

Mit Rigards un yours druly

Mrs. Sarah Flannigan Klotzkopp.

N. B.—Ich hab in meiner junge Johre en Medel gekennt, die Bang vor ehre gutherzige alde Kuh ghat hot, die in ihrem ganze Lewe nix Beses geduh hot, die nochher (ich mehn's Medel, net die Kuh) en alde Soldat mit ehme holzige Beh un ehme Glasaag geheiert hot, der immer domit gebräckt hot, dasz er im South 17 Niggers dodgschosse het. Wann en Medel en Poor Korsets kaaft, bedenkt sie sich 15 Mol, awer net en enzig Mol, wann sich's drum handelt, en Mann zu nehme.

Es winscht dir desselm,

Mrs. S. F. K., Esq.

SOVIET RECOGNITION

Fishing Rights.

One minor issue, however, will claim attention before the Japanese

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Letter From Joe Klotzkopp Esq.

Neischtadt, 26. Dez. 1908.

Mister Glockemann!

Der Chrischdag is nimmé bei uns wie als friher, wo die Kinner noch all dahcem wore. Jetzt bin juscht noch ich, die Särah un der jingscht Bub, den sei Mutter in Grund un Bodde nei verdorwe hot, uf der Farm. Fun Chrischtbehm is ah ken Red meh, un so hab ich mich am Chrischdag Owert hinnig der Kicheoffe uf die Holzbank g'hockt, en Pitscher voll Cider rufgholt, die Peif agschteckt un mei Akkordian gschpielt. Dodobei hab ich driwer nochgedenkt, wie schee es als wor, wie die Kinner noch all klee wore, un wie sie sich ols uf der Belznickel gfreit hen. Es is ehm jo net uf die Poor Schilling akumme, was es als for Bulleis, Nisz un Siskuche gekoscht hot, wann ma ah nochher noch 10 oder 11 Cent for Sehnebletter und Bittersalz hot schpende misse, um der Kinner ihre Mage widder in die Reih zu kriege.

Ich wott grad der zwett Pitscher Cider ruthole, wie die Särah aus der Sitting Ruhm kumme is un gsagt hot: "Joe, allerweil hot der Sände Glähs dei Krismespresents fun mir gbrunge!" Ich wor so gaurpreist un hab so happy gfiehlt, dasz ich sie um der Hals kriegt het, wann's gange wär. Sell is awer nimme meglich, weil die Särah in der letschte Jahre wie en Dampfnudel ausananna gange is un es änyhow vier Mann fun meiner Seit nemme deht, um sie zu umschpanne.

Wie ich dann in die Schtub kumme bin, hab ich mei Presents betracht: Es wor en Blockhut, der vor 32 Jehr schun aus Mode wor, en abgschossener bloher Regescherm, en Poor gflickte alde Schtifel und roth un gehle Fauschthensching mit Franzler an de Ende. Die Sache sin mir glei bekannt vorkumme, un wie ich der Särah dann die Zehn gfiehlt hab (des is sinnbildlich gschwetzt un mehnt net, dasz ich mei Fauscht in ihre Maul gschteckt hab, no, serri) hot sie ah zugschtanne, dasz sie den Kram am Mike O'Reilly seiner Fendu gekaaft hot, der vor secht Munat gschtorwe is.

Wie ich dann der Särah explent hab, dasz ich mei Lewesdags noch ken Blockhut um meim Hernkaschte gworre hab, hot sie gmehnt, dasz mich selle Hut zum ah Mann mache deht, un ich jetzt ganz leicht zum eh Kerchevorschtieher oder Pandschtallhalter geleckt werre kennt; die annere Sache dehts schun hendig kumme, wann ich zu grossfiehlig wär for sie zu drage. Ihre Aage hen agfange zu funkler, un weil's Chrischdag Owert wor, hab ich noch en Schluck Cider gnumme un 's Maul gahalte.

Sidde mir gheiert sin, hot die Särah jedé Chrischdag Owert ihre Schtrumb hinig der Offe ghengt, um em Belznickel (sell is mich) en Tschänz zu gewe, sei Presents neizuschtecke. Wie sie dann im Bett wor un gschnarckst hot, dasz ma gmehnt hot ma wär in ehre Seegmiehl, hab ich en neie Ladern, en Boddel Wanzedroppe, en Blechgaul for der Lisbeth ihre Bobbi, en Poor Karbetschlapper, vier Pund Schtrickgarn un en Box Soda Bisketts in der Schtrumb gschteckt, so dasz er juscht am End about voll war. Dasz die Särah am neckschte Morge mit ihrem Chrischtkindel arig gpliest wor, will ich grad net sage; des awer is juscht widdé en Proof, dasz je elder die Weibsleid werre, je weniger ma ihne eh Freid mache kann; awer hendig kumme die Sache doch in der Haushalding.

Ich bin zu der Konkluschen kummé, die Bauerei zu verkaafe un mich in der Neischtadt in die Ruh zu hocké. Ich deht gleiche en Government Tschab zu kriege oder Saluhnkieper werre, iwerhaubt irgend en Office, wo viel Geld eidragt un wo net viel zu schaffe dabei is. Des Advertcisment kannscht abdrucke grade wie ich's gschriwe hab:

Oeffentliche Fendu

Uff em Blatz fum Unterzeichenetar in Normanby, die so schee un gsund liegende Schoof- un Grumbriere-Bauerei. Die Farm enthalt 40 Acker in Fenz un es anner is noch in der Kourt, wann awer alles beisamme is, macht's en Lot, so sagt änyhow mei Lawyer. Die Improfment wo druf sin, sin fierscht Gläs. En backschtoenig Frem-blockhaus, heesz u. kalt Wasser, wann mer sich's macht, en Badzuwer im Hof un noch viel annere hendige Sache. Die Scheier is gut, wann sie umgebaut werd; en neier Seischtall kann ma sich ah baue, wann ma will, es is plenty Blatz dofor do; en Schpringhaus so gut wie nei, un is ken Gefohr, dasz die Milch versauft, weil net oft Wasser drin is. Die Farm is ah gut agepianzt mit Obscht. Zwee Acker mit herschlederner Wildblaume, en ½ Acker gezweigde Holzebel, aus dene ich mei Cider mach, un Nordern Schpeiks deht's ah gewe, wann fun selle Behm do wäre. Anner Obscht is ken's uf der Bauerei, exsept ehn Feld, wo ma schwarze Winterrettich druf zeese kennt, des heeszt, wann's sei missi. Es Vieh kann in jedem Feld Wasser kriege, wann ma's nei dragt. Mei Nochbare glawa, dasz ebb lang der elektrick Rigelweg durch mei Bauerei gebaud werd; vielleicht werd dann en Dehl fum Land in Bau-Lotte ufgschnitte. Un noch viel annere Sache, zu viel for sie all do zu menschene. Die Fendu schtárt um 12 Uhr middags. Wer Lunsch mitbringt, kann ihn um 1 Uhr hinnig der Scheier esse, for gud Drinkwasser sorgt die Särah. Die Kondischens sin liberal. Wer kásch bezahlt, braucht ken Mordgetsch zu gewe.

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

N. B. Am Chrischdag Nommidag wor unser Lisbeth, was die Mrs. Schweinsberger is, mit ihre Kinner bei uns, un do hot mir ihrer Aelschter, der Jonas, sei Buch gwisse, was er in der Sundagschul krigt hot. Wie ich ihn dann gfrogt hab, ob er ah wees warum er in die Sundagschul geht, hot die klee Krott gsagt: Ei Grándpa, schur, wann ich net geh deht, deht ich fum meim Alder Schleeg kriege wie en 'Aff.' Schenne Kinnerzucht des, Mr. Glockemann, mehnscht du net ah?

Es winscht dir dessehm,

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

ROUMANIA REACHES DEBT

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The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

RITTINGER



KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 1. Februar in dem Munat, 1909

Mister Glockemann!

Kannscht du mir sage,
Wie's noch geht in unsrer Dage?
Die Zeit is nimmer wie sie wor
Vor dreiszig oder verzig Jahr.

Sell kann ich dir prufe, dasz die Zeide nimmer sin wie vor 30 oder 40 Jahr. Die Kinner kriege heidig Dägs en bessere Edjukeschun, net juscht im Rechler un Schreiwer, sonnern ah in en Dehl annere Sache, ganz abaddig awer was Temperenz abelangt. Die 10-jähriger Dinger misse jetzt schun Kamposischens iwer Alkohol un sei Effekt uf die Lewer un Schtiffellabsetz schreiwe, un sell hees ich Progresz.

Vorgeschter wor mei Lisbeth mit ihrer fünf Oelzweige, bei uns uf Besuch, un do hot mir ihre Elschte die Mildreth, sie werd 9 Johr bis in der Heuernt, en Artikel vorglese, den sie for die Schulmäm gschriwe hot, der mir die Drehner in die Aage gebrocht hot, un ich bin schur, dasz des ah bei dir der Kehs sei werd. Ich schick dir domit die Kamposischen. Die Iwerschrift laut:

EN LOFSCHTORI

Es wor emol en armer junger Kerl, der wor in Lof mit ehme reiche Medel, derre ihrer Mutter en arig groszer Kändyschtor gerunnt hot. Der arm jung Kerl hot der Kändyledy ihrer Dochter heirer welle, awer er wor zu arm for Furnitschur zu kafe.

Ehn Dag hot en schlechter Mann ihm $25 geaffert, wann er en Saufnaas werre deht. Der arm jung Kerl is ferchterlich getempted worre, weil er reich genung hot werre wolle, um der Kändyledy ihrer Dochter zu heirer. Wie er awer an die Werthshausdiehr mit dem beeser Mann kumme is, hot er gsagt:

"Nee ich brech mei Pletsch net for Reichdum. Heb dich weg fun mir Satan!" Dodruf hi hot er sich rumgedreht, uhne dasz der Bärtender ihn gsehne hot. Uf em Heemweg hot er en Pocketbuch mit $100,000,000 drin gfunne. Er is dann zu der Kändyledy ihrer Dochter gange un hot sie g'heiert un am neckschte Dag hen sie Zwilling ghat.

Do kann ma widde sehne, dasz Brafsei sei eegene Reward hot.

Mildreth Mabel Schweinsberger.

Des Schreiwes pruft, dasz der Abbel net weit fum Schtamm fallt. (Der Schtamm bin nemlich ich). Un wann ich emol nimmer uf dem erdische Jammerdahl rumpocke sott, kann sell Medel mei Blatz in der "Glock" einemme. Was mehnscht?!

* * *

Letscht Woch hab ich mei Gebortsdag gesellebreted, der wiefiehlscht, werd net verrothe. Des is ehns fun der wenige Points, in denne ich un die Särah iwerehns schtimme. Friher hot ma als der Gebortsdag manchmol in ehre Fesching gfeiert, dasz ma der anner Dag so gfiehlt hot, als wann man froh wär, wann ma iwerhaubt nie gebore worre wär. Selle Zeide awer sin vorbei!

Do sagt so en alt Schprichwort: Was ma sich winscht wann ma jung is, fun dem hot ma plenty, wann ma alt werd. So en Humbock! Hoscht Du Dir vielleicht hohle Zeh, en Bluttkopp, en wackeliches Kreitz, en rode Nas un en schwammbucklicher Schmeerbauch gewinscht? Gewisz net, Mr. Glockemann, un ich ah net, un doch hen mir alle Beed genug dafu.

Iwerhaubt, was hot ma eegentlich fum Lewe? Glicklich is noch ken halb Prozent. Die wo sage, dasz sie glicklich sin, sin merschdendeehls Heichler un Hippokrits, die efach deswege der Kopp net henge losse, dasz die annere sich net freie.

Gegönnt werd kem nix, exsept ebbes beeses. Hot ehner Geld un hockt druf, wie en Katz uf ehme Saumage, so is er en Geizkrippel; hot er kens, dann is er en Lumb. Kummt mer ehmol in's Unglick, so geht manchem fun denne Neidhämmel for Freid es Herz uff wie en Dampfnudel. Doher kummts, dasz so viel Heichelei unnig der Mensche un annere Leit existe duht.

• • •

Trefft mich ehner uf der Schtrosz un sagt, "Wie geht's, Mr. Klotzkopp?" so sag ich immer "Furscht trade!" un wann daheem der Bettelsack an der Wand verzweifelt un mer ken Laus im Kraut hen. Kummt en annere mit ehme Gsicht wie 14 Dag Regewetter un seifszt: "Des menschlich Lewe is doch en schmachvolles Dasein, Mr. Klotzkopp!" Dann sag ich, "Do bin ich en Exseptschun, for ich kann iweraus net komplener. Plenty Geld, en liebenswerdige, sauwere un brafe Fraa (un wann ich ah's Schnubduch vor mei verkratztes Gsicht hewe musz), gsund wie en Fisch im Wasser (obglei ich alle Woch dreimol Katzekrautthee und Bittersalz verschluck), un wie Sie sehne, immer fidel, dorschdig un luschdig."

Do sottscht awer ehmol sehne, wie dann so ehme Kerl, wann's ehner fun der recht Sort is, die Gall vor Neid un Mischgunscht iwerlooft. Jo, so sin sie, awer wege mei Pech soll deswege von denne doch ken frohe Schtund hawe. Im Gegedehl, anschtatt dasz die sich iwer mich freie, frei ich mich dodriwer, dasz ich sie gfuhlt un agschmiert hab.

Jetzt will ich awer der Sobtschekt tschenscher. Neckscht Woch feier ich un die Särah unser 40jährige Hochzig. Gell, des dehtscht mir ah net ahsehne? Der anner Owet hen mir zwee uf der Schofhaut hinnig em Offe ghockt un iwer unser 40jähriger Ehe- und Wehschtand nochsimuliert. Do hab ich der Särah gsagt, dasz wenn ich emol fad bin un nimme kumm, sie widder heiere musz.

• • •

"Nee, Joe," hot sie gmehnt, "niemand will dann en alde Frah wie mich. Wann es dei Mehning wor, dasz ich widder heiere sott, hetscht Du schun vor 20 Johr schterwe solle!"

Awer never mind! Ich schick Dir domit en Inweit zu unserem Tschubelli, un inschpeckt, dasz Du nochher en schee Schtick dafu in die Zeiding setze duhscht. Bring ah der Mister Schmalz mit un sag ihm, er soll sei Drumpet mitnehme. Wann ich die Akkordeon schpiel un er sei Horn blost, brauch ich die Neischtädler Fiddler net zu entgetschen, un for des Geld, wo mir dodurch schpare, kenne mir noch en Achtel mehne kaafe.

Es winscht der dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—Unser Ketti ihr erscht Bobbi hot am Sundag sei erschter Zahn kriegt, un ihrer Mann hot gsagt, wenn Du sell net in die "Glock" setze duhscht, gebt er die Zeiding uff. Jetzt kannscht du wie Du witt. J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, Feb. 1, 1909

Mister Glockemann!

In our time, how shall we fare?
Tell me, I should like to know.
Things are not as they once were,
Three or fourscore years ago.

I can prove to you that the times are not as they were 30 or 40 years ago. The children now get a better education, not only in arithmetic and writing, but also in some other things, and particularly about temperance. The 10-year-olds nowadays have to write compositions about alcohol and its effects on the liver and on boot-heels, and that I call progress.

The day before yesterday Elizabeth and her four hopefuls came to visit us; her eldest daughter, Mildreth, she will be nine in the hay harvest, read me an article she had written for her teacher, which brought tears to my eyes. I am certain that it will have the same effect on you. I am therefore enclosing the composition. The title is:

A LOVE STORY

There was once upon a time a poor young fellow who was in love with a rich girl whose mother ran quite a large candy store. The poor young fellow wanted to marry the daughter of the candy lady, but he was too poor to buy furniture.

One day a depraved and evil man offered him $25 if he would become an alcoholic. The poor young man was terribly tempted because he wanted to become rich enough to marry the candy lady's daughter. But when he came to the hotel door with the evil man, he said:

"No, for wealth I will not break my pledge. Get thee behind me, Satan!"

Thereupon he turned on his heel without the bartender having seen him. On the way home he found a pocketbook with $100,000,000 in it. He then went to the candy lady's daughter and married her, and the following day they had twins.

Again a wonderful example to show that uprightness has its own reward.

Mildreth Mabel Schweinsberger

The composition proves the old adage: like father like child. (And I am, as you know, the father). And when the time comes when I no longer poke around this earthly vale of tears, then that girl can take my place on the Glocke. What do you think?!

* * *

Last week I celebrated my birthday, which one I won't tell. That is one of the few matters on which Sarah and I agree. Years ago birthdays were often celebrated in such a fashion that you felt on the following day as if you would be happy if you had never been born. But that time is over!

An old proverb says: What you long for in your youth, you have plenty of in old age. Such humbug! Have you ever wished to have hollow teeth, a bald pate, a weak back, a red nose, and an oversized corporation? Certainly not, Mr. Glockemann, and yet we both have our full measure of them.

What does life really offer us? Not even a half per cent of people is happy. Those who claim to be happy are mainly dissemblers and hypocrites, who simply will not hang their heads so as not to give others some reason to jeer.

No one wishes anyone else anything except bad luck. If you have money and squat on it like a cat on a cow's maw, then you are a hardened miser; if you have no money, you are a shabby fellow. If you have bad luck, then the hearts of many envious people are blown up by joy, like ribbon vermicelli. That's why there is so much hyprocrisy among human beings and other people.

* * *

If someone meets me on the street and says, "How are you, Mr. Klotzkopp?" I always say "First rate!" even if at home we are in abject despair and don't even have a flea in the cabbage. If someone comes and makes a face like 14 days bad weather and sighs: "Human life is certainly a disgraceful existence, Mr. Klotzkopp!" then I say, "Here I am an exception, for I certainly can't complain. I have plenty of money, a neat and good wife (even if I have to hold my handkerchierf before my scratched-up face); I am as healthy as a fish in water (although I swallow catnip tea and Epsom salts three times a week), and as you see, always happy, thirsty, and jolly."

Then you should see how the chap, if he is of the right kind, is consumed with envy and jealousy. Yes, that's the way they are, but they are not going to have any fun gloating over my misfortune. On the contrary, instead of having them crow at my discomfiture, I can be glad that I have fooled and deluded them.

* * *

I am now going to change the subject. Next week Sarah and I are going to celebrate our 40th wedding anniversary. You would never believe that of me, now would you? The other evening the two of us were sitting on the sheepskin behind the stove and were reflecting on our 40 years of wedlock and deadlock. Then I told Sarah that when I am gone for good, she should marry again.

"No, Joe," she said, "nobody wants an old woman like me. If it was your intention that I should get married again, you should have died already 20 years ago."

But never mind! I shall send you an invitation to our jubilee and expect that you will put a nice piece in the paper afterwards. Bring Mr. Schmalz along and tell him not to forget his trumpet. If I play the accordion and he blows his horn I shall not need to hire the Neustadt fiddlers. For the money saved we can have an extra eighth of beer.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—Our Kathie's first offspring got its first tooth on Sunday. Her husband said if you don't put that in the Glocke he'll cancel his subscription. Take it or leave it. J. K. Esq.



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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.



KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 1. Mai 1909.

Mister Glockemann!

Enklohst findscht Du en Adverteisment, des for sich selwert schwetzt. Die Akkaund kannscht Du neckscht Herbscht mitbringe, wann Du zu der Neischtedler Viehschow ruf kummscht:

TEMPERENZ-MEETING IN NEISCHTADT

Notice, an all die, wo's angeht!

GRAND RALLY IM LOUIS SEINER HALL

Everybody, un wer sunscht noch will, is wellcome.

Do ich zu der Konkluschen kumme bin, dasz des iwermäszig un unverninftig Saufe, die Worzel fun allem Iwel uf dere sindhaftiger Welt is, adverteis ich domit, dasz am MITTWOCH OWET en Meeting in der ower gemenschenter Hall abghalter werre soll, um

LADSCH NO. 1, FUN DER INDEPENDENTER GRAND PETRIARCKS FUN TEMPERENZ FUN NORMANBY UN ADJOINING TOWNSHIPS

zu organeiser. Wer ebbes dodogege eizuwende hot, soll sich, akkording to Law, bei Zeite melde, awer hinnernoch es Maul halte. Sunscht awer hoff ich, dasz mei Nochbore noch all gsund sin, un so viel wie passibel fun ihne die Meeting attender were. All die, wo zuerscht tschoiner, sin Charter Members, so dasz die noch uns kummige Generäschens mit Schtolz uf ihre Temperenz-Vorfedder gucke kenne.

Es werd inschpeckt, dasz der Glockemann ah uftornd, um seiner alte Freind un Leser mit Word un That, espeschelly awer mit der That, zu supporter. Er derf ah als abschreckendes Beischpiel die Ladsch joiner, un musz, wie jeder anner Member, sei Duhs an der Underseind bezahler.

AH SIN SCHTEPPS GENUMME WORRE, FOR EN GUTES MUSIKAL-UN-VOKAL-PROGRAMM ZU GEWE.

Der Handkesmichel hot konsented, des ald, awer immer nei, schee un lehrreich Lied: "We wont go home 'till morning" zu singe.

Der Mister Schmalz fun der Berliner Band, wo im letschter Summer in Quebec for em Prinz fun Wales geblose hot, is ah invited worre. Wann er kummt, bringt er die Drumpet mit, uf der er for Seiner Mäjesty seim Buh gschpielt hot. Des alleenig is der Breis fun der ganz Admischen werth. Bei speschel Riquest blost er "Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus, komm ich heraus!" mit Flätschuleschuns.

Die schepp Kathrina werd an dem Owet ewerfalls bei uns sei, um der gute Cause en Lift zu gewe. Sie singt sell iwig die gans sivileist Welt bekanntes, un immer noch zu Drehner rirendes Temperenzlied:

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the Steeple struck one,
You said you were coming, right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.
Chorus: Come home! Come home!!
Come home!!! etc.

Die Kathrina hot vor 40 Johr zu der Singschul an der 23. Con. ghert, so dasz die ganz Gäthering, espeschelly awer die, wo die Ladsch tschoiner welle, in der Chorus eifalle.

Die Akkompanyments un annere Solos werd der Underseind uf seiner neie Akkordion schpiele, die er kerzlich for $2.65 beim Fuchs in Walkerton hot ufschreiwe losse.

Nochdem die Members die Pletsch genumme hen un es Päszword gewe worre is, singt die ganz Meeting zusamme: "Oh, Boys, we'll never get drunk anymore!"

Um die Weiwer zu induser, dasz ihrer Männer die Ladsch tschoiner, werd en Paragraph in die Konstituschen gedruckt, dasz wann ehns fun uns Temperenzbrider der Bucket kicke sott, was jo ah immer passibel wär, en anner Member, wo net gheiert is, die Wittfrah inseit fun 6 Munat heirer musz, oder er werd, mir nix, dir nix, aus der Ladsch un iwig der Fenz gschmisse.

Everybody come! ganz eschpeschelly awer die alde Bier- un Schnapsbrider.

Die Dehr geht um ½8 Uhr uff, do's doch anyhow ½9 Uhr werd, eb mir afange kenne.

Silwer-Kollekschun, um mei personal Expenses un for die Hall zu bezahler.

JOE KLOTZKOPP
Organizer in Chief fun der Grand Petriarcks
of Temperenz und Chairman fun der Meeting.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

N.B.—Mei Report fun der Meeting schick ich Dir, so dasz Du ihn in der Glocke fum 19. Mai publischer kannscht. Ich kaaschen Dich awer, dasz Du die Prosiedings bringscht, wie ich sie gschriwe hab, un net, dasz Du die Helft widder auskratze duhscht, wie des alsford dei Kostem is.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neustadt, May 1. 1909.

Mister Glockemann!

Enclosed you will find an advertisement which needs no explanation. You can bring the bill along next fall when you come to the Neustadt cattle fair:

TEMPERANCE MEETING IN NEUSTADT

Notice to all whom it may concern!

GRAND RALLY IN LOUIS' HALL

Everybody, and whoever else wants to come, is welcome.

Since I have come to the conclusion that this excessive and unreasonable boozing is the root of all evil in this sinful world, I am herewith giving public notice that on WEDNESDAY EVENING a meeting is to be held in the abovementioned hall for the purpose of organizing

LODGE NO. 1 OF THE INDEPENDENT GRAND PATRIARCHS OF TEMPERANCE OF NORMANBY AND ADJOINING TOWNSHIPS

Whoever has any objections is to come forward immediately according to law, otherwise forevermore hold his peace. I do hope, moreover, that all my neighbors are well, and that as many as possible will attend the meeting. All those who join at the beginning are charter members, so that the generations coming after us can look up to their temperance forefathers with pride.

It is expected that the Glockemann (editor of the Glocke) will turn up to support his old friends and readers in word and deed, but particularly in deed. He may as a horrible example join the lodge, and must as every other member pay his dues to the undersigned.

STEPS HAVE ALSO BEEN TAKEN TO PRESENT A GOOD MUSICAL AND VOCAL PROGRAM

Handcheese Mike has consented to sing the old yet always new, lovely and instructive song: We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning.

Mister Schmalz of the Berlin Band, who played his horn last summer in Quebec for the Prince of Wales, has also been invited. If he comes, he'll bring along his trumpet on which he played for His Majesty's young lad. That alone is worth the price of admission. By special request he will play with "flatulations": Grad' aus dem Wirtshaus, komm ich heraus! (Here I come out the ale-house door).

Crooked Katie will also join us that evening to give the good cause a boost. She is going to sing that tear-jerking temperance classic known all over the civilized world:

Father, dear Father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple struck one;
You said you were coming, right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.
Chorus: Come home! Come home!!
Come home!!! etc.

Katie belonged to the Choral Society of the 23rd concession 40 years ago, so that we can look forward to the enjoyment of a genuine vocal treat. It is expected that the whole gathering, but especially those who are joining the lodge, will join in the chorus.

The accompaniments and other solos will be played by the undersigned on his new accordion, which he recently bought on tick for $2.65 at Fuchs' store in Walkerton.

After the members have taken the pledge, and the password has been given, the whole meeting will join in singing: Oh, Boys, We'll Never Get Drunk Any More!

In order to induce the wives to encourage their husbands to join the lodge, a paragraph will be inserted in the constitution providing that if one of us temperance brothers should kick the bucket, which is indeed always possible, another unmarried member must marry the widow within six months. Failing that, he will be thrown without more ado out of the lodge and over the fence.

Everybody come! but especially the old beer and whisky topers!

The doors open at 7:30 p.m., but it will be anyhow 8:30 before we can begin.

Silver collection to pay my personal expenses and the rental of the hall.

JOE KLOTZKOPP.
Organizer in chief of the Grand Patriarchs
and chairman of the meeting.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

N.B.—I'll send you my report of the meeting so that you can publish it in the Glocke of May 19. I caution you to print the proceedings as I write them. Do not scratch out half of my report as is your usual custom.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Two Gunmen Nabbed

Publish Date: 17 May 1909

Reprint Date: 01 Oct 1966

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*

RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.



KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 17. Mai, 1909.

Mister Glockemann!

Endweder is die "Glocke" en schlecht Adverteisment-Midium, oder die Leit in der Nochborschaft dorum welle nix fun ehre Temperenz-Ladsch wisse.

Um ½9 Uhr am Mittwoch Owet wore juscht siewe Männer im Loui seiner Hall present, um Pionier-Ladsch No. 1, fun der "Ancient free un accepted Grand Petriarcks of Temperenz fun Normanby un adtschoining Townships" zu tschoiner. Die Kollekschen, die ich ufgnumme hab, wor 4 Cents, net emol genug for en Glas Sch— Lemoñede, wott ich sage, zu kaafe. Die Kraut wor so klee dasz ich die Moschen gmacht hab, dasz mir uns im Loui sei Hinnerschtub adjourner, die dann ah unänimously gekärried hot.

Die wo kumme sin, um ihr Lewenswandel, was Saufe abelangt, zu bessere, wore der Blutworschtnatz, der Handkehsmichel, der Grundsaujerg, der daab Scheererschleifer, der Latwergschneider, der Bohnerkreitelsepp un der Schoppephilip. Die Schepp Kathrina hot sich excuse losse, weil sie en frischmelkige Kuh inschpeckt hot, un fun eich Berliner Big Bocks wor ah nix zu sehne.

Wie mir dann all beisamme ghockt hen, hab ich en poor Mol mit ehre leere Sodawasserboddel uf der Disch gekloppt un gsagt:

"Tschentelmenner, es erscht Bisznisz in order is jetzt, dasz mir abschwerer un gute Resoluschens un Vorsetz pässe."

* * *

Do is der Louis ufgetschumbt um en Amendment dorchzuschmuggler, dasz dodrin ah Total-Abstinenz fum Kreditgewe in seiner Bärschtub, mit annere Worte, in die Schleet, inkludt werre sott.

"Du halscht dei Maul!" hab ich ihm gsagt, "jetzt hab ich emol ausnahmswees der Flohr, un du werscht die Kindnesz hawe uf deim Tschär sitze zu bleiwe, bis ich ferdig bin. Wann ah, wie ich mit Bedauere seh, der Blutworschtnatz sei rothe Naas rimpft un der daab Schererschleifer der links Winkel fun seim grosze Maul schpättisch in die Heeh zu pulle treid, so musz ich doch druf insiste, dasz mir heit Owet en Schtring fun gute Temperenz-Resoluschens pässe. For was sin die dann iwerhaabt do, Tschentelmenner, wann sie net gepäszt were sotte?"

"Sekond die Moschen," hot der Handkehsmichel gesagt, un sich mit seiner langer, krummer Finger hinnig em linkse Ohrlappe gekratzt.

Dann sin mir ins Kuhmittee of the whole gange, un sin zuletscht zu der Konkluschen kumme, dasz mir all en neier Schteert mache miszte: dasz der Dorscht die Worzel fun allem Iwel wär, dasz mir alt genug wäre, um endlich ehmol Verschtand zu kriege; dasz es des Saufe net alleenig duht, for in der Bisznisz zu suckside; dasz mir iwerhaapt bis zum heidige Dag merschtendeehls elendige Dropp wore; dasz des jetzt awer een for allemöhl ufheere musz; dasz Riform for die Zukunft des Watschword un en rädikäl Change fors Bessere die Kauntersein sei musz, dasz mir uns all pledsche for die Futscher, wenigschtens for Middags Zwölf Uhr, keen Droppe meh zu drinke, net emol en eenziger Bitters, un wann er ah so kreftig sei sott, um en Floh fun der Lewer zu blooser.

* * *

Die letscht Pletsch hot der Bärkieper schriftlich ufgsetzt, un mir hen all geseint, der Grundsaujerg mit ehme Seifzer, der Latwergschneider mit Drehner in der Aage, der Schoppephilip mit ehme Schluchzer, un ich mit ehme Bleipensel — so dasz ich schpeter mei Name widder ausrobber kann, hab ich bei mir selwert gedenkt.

Dann hen mir uns schtumm un uhne en Word zu sage, die Händs gescheekt un sin heem mit ehme schteifer Genick un mit ehre tschenjuein Verachtung for all gewisselose Lumbe, die schun vormiddags in der Werthsheiser rumhocke un worte, bis sie getriet werre.

Wie mir am neckschte Morge eigfalle is, was ich do gepromist hab, is mir mei Herz in der Hossesack gfalle. Awer des kann jetzt nix batte, Joe, hab ich zu mir selwert gsagt, jetzt muscht du en Mann sei — un hab der Meik noch der Neischtadt g'schickt, for en halbgallepresersfglasvoll Bier zu hole. Awer so Biehr, uhne dasz ma dobei der Schmell von Tschaaduwackschmook in der Naas un der Mischt fun en poor Blechschwetzer in der Ohre hot, rutscht net gut.

Der zwett Morge hab ich bei mir selwert gedenkt: "Joe, du hoscht do en greszerer Job an Hand, wie du gmehnt hoscht," un bin dorch em lahme Hengschtdreiwer sei Schwamm hinnerum noch der Neischtadt, un dorch die Hinnerdehr fum Otto seim Hotel an der Station gschniekt.

* * *

Was glabscht, Mr. Glockemann, wer am näckschte Disch hinnig ehme Schobbe Bier gsotze hot? Es war der Bohnerkreidelsepp! Der is dir awer so blasz worre, wie en frischgweiselte Wand, was bei dem seiner sunscht arig gsunde Kumpleckschen keen Kleenigkeit net wor. Awer der Kerl hot sich schnell rikowert.

"Joe," sagt er, "wie kummscht du do erei? Weescht du, ich bin juscht an Bisznisz do, weil ich em Otto 10 Buschel Hawer gbrocht hab, die er kerzlich bei mir beschtellt hot."

"Certainly," hab ich gesagt, "ich drink ah ehns oder zwee mit."

Grad hen mer gedrunke ghat, do is die Diehr ganz leislich ufgange, un wer is reikumme? Der Blutworschtnatz! — Wie der uns gsehne hot, hätt er um en Hoor fascht en Sommerset geturnd.

"Wor der Schoppephilip net do?" frogt er dann, "der hot mich uf zehn Uhr herbeschtellt, um en Berger for en Lood Sand zu mache."

"Kumm!" sag ich, "Blutworschtnatz, hock dich juscht hi!"

"Du muscht en Aageblick warte," sagt er. "Ich musz erscht der daab Scheererschleifer reirufe, der schteht drausze for zu warte, bis ich ihm riport, dasz keener fun euch do is!"

* * *

In zwee Minute hot der ah bei uns gesotze un grad wotte mir en Limburger abschneide, do geht die Dehr uff un der Loui schteht vor uns.

"So," sagt er, "ihr Lumbe, ihr misserabliche, do hockt ihr, häh? Bei mir loszt ihr es ganz Johr ufschreiwe un jetzt versauft ihr eier cash Geld do howe an der Station?"

"Loui," hab ich gesagt, — "mer sin eigekeeft; wann du in der sehme Fix bischt, dann moof ich, dasz mer nunne zu dir ädjourner un die Prosidings fum letschter Mittwoch Owert rikonsiddere. For die Futscher werre mer aah cash bezahle . . ."

"Sekond die Moschen!" sagt der Loui —

"Losz mich erscht ausschwetze," hab ich gsagt, "wenigschtens for heit!"

Mir hen die Minets aah noch am sehme Morge rikonsiddert un sin eenschtimmig zu der Konkluschen kumme, sie uff unbeschtimmte Zeit uff der Disch zu lege.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neustadt, May 17, 1909.

Mister Glockemann!

Either the Glocke is a poor advertising medium, or the people in the neighborhood hereabouts have no interest in a temperance lodge.

At 8:30 Wednesday evening only seven men were present in Louis' Hall to join Pioneer Lodge No. 1 of the Ancient Free and Accepted Grand Patriarchs of Temperance of Normanby and Adjoining Townships. The collection which I took up myself amounted to four cents, not even enough to buy a glass of wh— lemonade, I mean. The crowd was so small that I made the motion that we adjourn to Louis' back room, which was carried unanimously.

Those who came to better their conduct as regards tippling were Bloodsausage Nat, Handcheese Mike, Groundhog George, the deaf Scissorsgrinder, Applebutter Schneider, Beanstalk Joe and Beerstein Philip. Crooked Catherine excused herself because she was expecting a freshening cow, and the big bugs of Berlin also did not put in an appearance.

When we were all sitting around, I pounded the table a couple of times with an empty soda water bottle and said:

"Gentlemen, the first order of business now is to swear off and pass good resolutions and intentions."

* * *

Louis then jumped up to smuggle an amendment through to the effect that total abstinence should also apply to the giving of credit in his barroom, in other words this rule should be included in the motion.

"You shut your trap!" I told him, "for a change I have the floor, and you will have the goodness to stay down on your chair until I am finished. Even if, as I regretfully notice, Bloodsausage Nat is turning up his red nose and the deaf Scissorsgrinder is trying to pull up the left corner of his big mouth in a show of contempt, I must nevertheless insist that we pass a string of good temperance resolutions this evening. Indeed, what would our reason be for having this meeting at all, gentlemen, if they are not to be passed?"

"Second the motion," said Handcheese Mike, while scratching his head behind the lobe of his right ear with his long crooked finger.

Then we went into committee of the whole and finally came to the conclusion that all of us must make a new beginning, that our yen for liquor was the root of all evil, that we were old enough to become rational, that there were other ways of succeeding in business than through alcohol, that most of us up to the present were miserable wretches, that that would have to stop now once and for all, that reformation of our way of life must be the watchword of the future and the countersign of a radical change for our uplift, that all of us pledge ourselves in the future not to drink a drop anymore, at least before 12 o'clock noon, not even a single bitters, even if it should be powerful enough to blow a flea off our liver.

* * *

This final pledge was recorded in writing by the barkeeper, and we all signed it, Groundhog George with a sign, Applebutter Schneider with tears in his eyes, Beerstein Philip with a sob, and I with a lead pencil — so that I can later rub my name out again, as I thought to myself.

Then silently and without saying a word we shook hands, and went home with a stiff neck and with a genuine contempt for all unprincipled scoundrels, who hang around hotels already in the forenoon and wait until someone buys them drinks.

When it dawned on me the next morning what I had promised, my heart sank into my boots. But Joe, I said to myself, that won't do, now you must be a man. I then sent Mike to Neustadt to fetch a half-gallon mason jar of beer. But such beer, without having the smell of chewing tobacco smoke in your nostrils and the clamor of a couple of fellows talking sheer nonsense in your ears, does not slip down easily.

The second morning I thought to myself: "Joe, you have a bigger job on your hands than you bargained for," and walked through the Lame Stalliondriver's swamp on the back way to Neustadt, and sneaked in the rear door of Otto's hotel at the station.

* * *

Who do you think, Mr. Glockemann, was sitting at the next table behind a stein of beer? It was Beanstalk Joe! He became as pale as a freshly whitewashed wall which was not an easy feat for a person who normally has such an extremely ruddy complexion. But the fellow recovered quickly.

"Joe," he said, "how did you get here? Do you know, I am here on business, because I just brought Otto 10 bushels of oats, which he ordered from me a short time ago."

"Certainly," I answered, "I'll drink a couple along with you."

We had just emptied our glasses when the door was gently opened, and who do you think came in? Bloodsausage Nat! When he saw us he came within an ace of turning a somersault.

"Has Beerstein Philip not been here?" he then inquired, "he asked me to come here around 10 o'clock to make a deal with me for a load of sand."

"Come!" said I, "Bloodsausage Nat, and just sit down!"

"You must wait a moment," he said, "I must first call in the deaf Scissorsgrinder. He is standing outside and waiting until I report that none of you is here!"

* * *

In two minutes he was with us too, and we were just at the point of cutting into a limburger when the door opened and Louis was standing in front of us.

"Well," he said, "you scoundrels, you miserable louts, here you are, eh? At my place you charge your drinks for a whole year and now you're drinking up your cash money here at the station!"

"Louis," I said, "we've caved in; if you are in the same fix, then I'll move that we'll adjourn down to your place and reconsider the proceedings of last Wednesday evening. In the future we'll also pay cash . . ."

"Second the motion!" said Louis.

"Let me finish," I said, "at least for today!"

We also reconsidered the minutes the very same morning and reached the unanimous conclusion to table them for an indefinite period.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.



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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 3. August 1909.

Mister Glockemann!

Am 13. Juli im letschte Munat is der Grundsaujerg fun der Neischtadt abgreest, um sei alde Heemath in Deitschland noch emol zu besuche, eh er die Aage zumacht, um sich bei seiner Vorvädder, fun denne er ah en ganz Dehl hot, zu versammler.

Ich, der Handkehsmichel, der Blutworschtnatz un der daab Scheererschleifer hen ihn abgsehnern, um noch en Fehrwell-Drink mit ihm zu nemme. Beim Heinrich hot der Blutworschtnatz, beim Loui der Scheererschleifer un beim Otto an der Station, der Handkehsmichel getriet; ich hab grad im Sinn ghat, sie vielleicht ah mol ufzusetze, wie der Drehn gpfiffe hot un ich dann gsagt hab, hurry up, schunscht miszt der Jerg die Cärs.

Mir hen ihm dann schtumm die Hand gedrickt un ihm noch ganz abaddig ans Herz glegt, jo net zu vergesse, der deitsch Kaiser fun uns zu griesze. Dann hot die Bell grunge, un der Drehn is noch Ayton zu losgschteert.

* * *

In der Exseitment hab ich ganz un gor vergesse, em Jerg die vier Johr ald Servalatworscht mitzugewe, die ich als Present em Tscherman Empörer hab schicke welle. Ich hab sie in en Copy fun der "Glock" eigewickelt ghat, so dasz Sei Mätschesty ah emol dei Worschtblettel sehne kennt. Awer so gehts im Lewe, nix wie Disappointments!

Der Grundsaujerg is jetzt about 35 Johr in Canada; es gedenkt mir noch ganz gut, wie er erscht ins Land kumme is. Nix hot er ghat, gor nix hot er ghat, dinn wie en Fenzrigel un lang wie en Sinderegischter wor er; awer er hot sich do howe in Normanby rausgflickt un hot heit en Korporäschen an sich hänge wie der Dorfschulz fun Häckerroth.

Am Ahfang hot er awer ah, wie so viel fun denne hochgetohnter Deitsche, iwer alles in unserm scheener Canada geschimpft: 's Fleesch wor zu zeeh, 's Brod net schwarz un schwer genug, un 's Bier "die reinste Mistjauche." Awer ah ken Wunner, der Grundsaujerg schtammt fun gute Eltere ab, un in seiner junge Johre sin ihm in Deitschland die Krumbierer vorgezehlt worre, un Schmierkehs hot's heckschtens emol am Himmelsfartsdag gewe!

* * *

Ich hab als oft zu ihm gsagt, wann er Schtunde lang iwer unser Land resoniert hot, dasz mir ken Lah in dere Country hette, die ihn forsen kennt, do zu bleiwe; awer er musz doch sei Riesen ghat hawe, dasz er net widder zurick is, obglei er am Afang Hinkel-un-Schofschtell geweiselt un annere Niggererwet geduh hot. Dasz er awer an ehre Fingerkrankheet glitte hot, un wege sellem sich aus em Schtaab gmacht hot, glab ich net, for er is sunscht en ordentlicher Kerl, un sei Frah kann ma ah net grad en alde Schnapsgluck heesze.

Am Grundsaujerg sei Vadder wor in Deitschland en Government-Officer; er wor groszherzoglicher un wohlinschtallirter Geesherd fum Kreis Owerhinnerfischbach un hot, nochdem er 50 Johr lang trei un ehrlich gedient hot, sei Abschied, mit 2¾ Pfennig Penschen der Dag, kriegt.

Die Services awer, die er for sei Country neigeturned hot, sin fum Landesferscht net iwerguckt worre, der ihm der Order vierter Klasz fum "goldige Schlissel zu der siewe Geesbock-Geheemnisse," mit heckschteegner Hand uf die Bruscht, ich mehn forner uf der Rock fum Grundsaujerg seim Vadder, gschpellt hot.

Sei Pedderich, mütterlichseits, wor der Vizeklingelbeitelinschpektorkomissarius fun Fichtelkaiserhausen un der erschter drei Concessions an der Grävel-Schtrosz. Sei Mudder hot sich Hundskehs gschriwer, so dasz niemand bezweifler kann, dasz der Jerg ken Vatter un Mutter ghat hot. Was wohr is, is wohr, un do beiszt ken Maus en Fader ab!

* * *

Sei erschter Besuch in Deitschland macht der Grundsaujerg beim Empörer in Berlin, der en alter Freind fun ihm is. Der Jerg hot immer domit gebräckt, dasz er der eenzig lewig Mensch is, der jemols der Kaiser abgeklobbt hot.

Des soll so gehäppened sei: Der Jerg wor uf der University, um sei Exämineschun for Schanschteefeger zu pässe un hot in der Sunndagsschul uf der sehme Bank mit em Kaiser gsotze, der ah sei Edukäschen dort kriegt hot. Der Jerg is bei seim Unkel in die Koscht gange, der en groszer Kerscherbahm in seiner Hinneryard ghat hot. Der Kaiser is als nachts heemlich hinnig em Schtall rumgschniekt un sich Kerscher gholt, bis er ehn Dag fum Grundsaujerg verwitscht worre is, der ihm der Schtaab geheerig aus em Kittel geklobbt hot, un fun dort ah dadirt die Freindschaft.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—Ich inschpekt in der Kerz en Brief fum Jerg iwer sei Besuch beim Empörer un will ihn dir dann zuschicke, um in der "Glock" zu poblisher. J.K., Esq.

Neustadt, August 3, 1909.

Mister Glockemann!

On July 13 of last month Groundhog George left Neustadt to visit his old home once more before he closes his eyes forever and is gathered in to his forefathers of whom he has a considerable quantity.

I, Handcheese Mike, Bloodsausage Nat and the deaf Scissorsgrinder saw him off and drank a farewell drink with him. At Henry's Hotel Bloodsausage Nat bought the drinks, at Louis' Hotel the Scissorsgrinder, and at Otto's Hotel at the station Handcheese Mike set us up; I was just at the point of perhaps setting them up too when the train whistled, and I said, hurry up, otherwise George will miss the train.

We silently shook his hand and urged him particularly to convey greetings to the German emperor from us. Then the bell rang and train started off for Ayton.

* * *

In the excitement I completely forgot to give George the four-year-old cervelat sausage which I wanted to send as a present to the German emperor. I had wrapped it into a copy of the Glocke, so that His Majesty could see an example of your journalistic rag. But that's the way life is, nothing but disappointments!

Groundhog George is now about 35 years in Canada. I can well remember when he first came to this country. He had nothing, absolutely nothing, was as thin as a fence rail and as tall as a list of mortal sins. But he prospered up here in Normanby and today he sports a corporation as large as that of the village magistrate of Strawville.

In the beginning he spoke ill about everything in our beautiful Canada, as so many of the high-toned Germans do: the meat was too tough, the bread was not black and heavy enough, and the beer was "the purest barnyard effluvia." But that was understandable; Groundhog George comes from a good background. In his younger years, in Germany, the potatoes were counted out to him, and cottage cheese appeared at most once a year on Ascension Day!

* * *

I often told him, when he complained about our country for hours on end, that we had no law which could force him to stay here. There must have been some reason for his not going back, although in the beginning he whitewashed hen and sheep stables and did other menial tasks. But that he had been long-fingered over home and on that account had made himself scarce, I hardly believe, for he is otherwise a decent chap, and his wife cannot really be called an old whisky soak either.

Groundhog George's father was a government official in Germany; he was the grandducal and well-installed goatherd of District Upperfurtherfishstream, and after serving faithfully and honorably for 50 years, he retired with a pension of 2¾ pennies per day.

However, the services which he had performed for his country were not overlooked by his reigning prince, who with His Highness's own hand pinned on his chest the order, fourth class, of the "golden key to the seven he-goat mysteries," I mean on the front of Groundhog George's father's coat.

His godfather on the maternal side was the vice-state collectionbags inspector of Caesarwoodshed plus the first three concessions on the gravel road. His mother's name was Hundskehs (dog cheese), so that no one can doubt that George had a father and mother. What is true is true, and that is absolutely certain.

* * *

Groundhog George's first call in Germany will be to the emperor's in Berlin, who is an old friend of his. George always bragged that he was the only living person who ever beat up the Kaiser.

This is supposed to have happened in this way: George was at the university to take his chimney-sweep's examination, and sat in Sunday school on the same bench as the Kaiser, who was also getting his education there. George boarded with his uncle, who had a big cherry tree in his backyard. The Kaiser used furtively to sneak behind the barn at night to steal cherries, until one day he was caught in the act by Groundhog George, who administered a good drubbing to him and their friendship dates from that time.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—I expect to get a letter shortly from George about his visit with the emperor and will forward it to you so you can publish it in the Glocke. J.K., Esq.

Neutralization Of Viet Is Vital, Lord Avon Says

URBAN and R PLANNING:

Publish Date: 18 Aug 1909

Reprint Date: 15 Oct 1966

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*



RITTINGER

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KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 18. August 1909.

Mister Glockemann!

Ich hab dir vor en poor Woche geschriewe, dasz der Grundsaujerg en Tripp noch Deitschland gnumme hot, un er un der Kaiser William alte Bekannte sin, do sie in ihrer junge Johre die sehm Sundagsschul ättented hen.

Am letschte Samschtag hab ich en lange breivat Brief fum Jerg kriegt; awer do juscht sei Besuch beim Empörer fun Interest for dei Rieders is, hab ich den Dehl fun seim Brief for der Benefit un Nutze fun deiner Sobskreibers ins Hochdeitsch tränslätet.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

HOTEL ZUM WUETHIGEN ESEL

Berlin, Deitschland, Europa, 9. August 1909.

Mr. Joseph Klotzkopp, Esq.,
Neischtadt P.O., Normanby T'p., Grey Co., Ontario, Dominion of Canada, British Nord Amerika. God save the King.

Mei liewer un siszer Freind Joe!

Ich dunk jetzt widder mei Dinde in die Pen, um dich wisse zu losse, wie mirs in Berlin gange is. Du kannscht dir gor ken Eidje mache, was for en grosz Schteddel des is. Ich glab for en Fäkt, es is noch greszer wie unser kanadisch Berlin un änyhau siewe Mol greszer wie die Neischtadt, mit Vielnethig noch mitneigschmisse.

Wie ich an der Station akumme bin, hab ich mir die Stiffel fun ehme Nigger in ehme Saluhn bläcke losse (mit Fischeel un Inschlich schmiere sie do haus nimme die Schuh un Schtiffel), hab mei Kärpetsack ufgepickt un g'frogt, wo Sei Mätschesty, der Kaiser, sei Heemert hot. En Kunschtawbler hot mir's gewisse, un ich sag dir was Joe, ich hab Maul un Ohre ufgeschperrt, iwer all die Bracht un Herrlichkeit. Die Walkertoner Exhibition Buildings sin ken Dreck gege em Kaiser sei Royal Imperial Residenz.

Vor em Schlosz hen änyhow 3,000,000 Soldate gschtanne; es wor en Reih so lang wie fun der Neischtedtler Brauerei bis zum Loui sei Hotel, drei Mann dief. Wie ich an's Dohr fun ehre eisiger Fenz kumme bin, hot der Käptain fun der Kumbani sei frischgewetzter Sewel rausgezoge un mir domit en poor Mol unnig der Naas rumgfuchelt. Ich hab ihm awer schtracks in sei Bumbernickelgsicht geguckt, un wie er gsehner hot, dasz ich en britisch Subjekt bin, hot er sei Krottegickser widder eigschteckt un mich gfrogt:

"What you want here?"

"I came to see my old Friend Billy!" hab ich gsagt.

"Billy who," mehnt er dodruf, un sei Hoor sin for Angscht un Schreck, iwer der Weg wie ich fum Kaiser gschwetzt hab, kerzegrad in die Heeh gschtanne.

* * *

"Why, Emperor Billy, sure!" hab ich gsagt. Eb ich mich awer verguckt hab, worre 10,000 Soltschers mit Butschermesserer uf ihrer Flinte um mich gschtanne, un hen gkrische: "Schieszt des Ohs doht!" "Schlagt ihm der Deckel ei!" un allerleh so unchrischtliche Remarks.

Die Exseitment is jetz awer immer greeszer worre un die Band hot grad ahfange welle, die "Watsch am Rhein" zu schpieler, wie uf ehmol en Fenschter im 12. Schtock ufgange is, un en Mann mit ehme weisze Handduch um der Hals un es ganz Gsicht mit Seefeschahm verschmiert, der Kopp rausgeschtreckt hot.

"Was der Beddel is dann schun widder los?" hot er wisse welle.

Des, Joe, wor der Empörer, der grad am Scheefer wor, wie er die Räcket ghert hot.

Der Käptain fun der Kumbani hot sei Blockhut abgenumme un uf deitsch gsagt:

"May it blease Your Majesty, awer des Mondkalb doh hot mir nix, dir nix, zu Eich neiwelle, un do hab mir ihn ärest, weil er net emol sei Sundagskleeder ahot un vielleicht ah im Sinn ghat hot, Eier Mätschesty's Licht auszubloser."

Der Empörer hot dann en Meikroskob gholt un mich fun ower bis unner beguckt. Uf emol hot er awer agfange zu lache un hot gsaht:

"Do soll mich awer doch en Krott petze, wann des net der Grundsaujerg aus Canada is!"

"You bet your life, Billy," hab ich geänsert, "sell is mich schur!" Der Empörer hot dann zu der Soldate gsagt: "Loszt mei Freind Grundsaujerg dorch die Ranks, I'll make it allright mit you Boys," un mit dem hot er en ganze Handvoll neie halwe Penningschticker aus seim Hossesack glangt un sie unnig die Kraut gschmisse. Wie die Soldate dann noch denne Kubbers geskrämpelt hen, hab ich mich ins Haus nei geschniekt, wo der Empörer mich gemieth un Händs mit mir gscheekt hot.

Sei erschte Frog wor: "Wie gehts dann bei meim alter Freind Joe Klotzkopp."

"Your Majesty," hab ich gsagt, "ich dank der Nochfrog, es geht bei ihm schneller wies kummt."

"Der arme Dropp," hot der Empörer gmehnt, "ich glahb for schur, wann er en deitsch Weibsmensch for en Frah kriegt het, wers ihm ah besser im Lewe gange. Well, sag ihm änyhow, dasz wann sei Schticke als in der "Glock" schtehne, nemm ich for en halb Schtund als immer mei Kron fum Kopp un hehr uf, die Tschermann Empire zu ruhler, bis ich sie glese hab."

"Nau Jerg," hot der Kaiser gsagt, "gehscht nei mit mir in die Deining Ruhm un escht zu morge mit mir."

"I don't care, if I do," hab ich geänsert, for ich hab bei dere Zeit Hunger wie en Wolf ghat.

* * *

Der Empörer hot der Maad dann der Order gewe, sie sott noch en sauwerer Deller, en Messer un Gawel for mich reibringe. Ich hab awer gsagt: "Bring mir juscht en Deller un Messer, wege mir braucht ihr net ah noch en Gawel zu verdrecke."

Der Kaiser awer hot gkrische: "Bring juscht ah en Gawel mit, mit was soll dann der Jerg sei Zucker im Kaffee rumrihrer, wann er ken Gawel hot!"

Noch em Esse hot der Kaiser gsagt: "Jetzt Jerg muscht mich exkuser, for ich bin heit arig bissy. Kumm morge zum Middagsesse, dann introduhs ich dich zu der Empresz un meiner ganze Familie."

Ich hab gsagt, ich kennts net for schur promiser, wann ich awer noch in Berlin wär, deht ich sertänly kumme. Dann hen mir uns Fehrwell gewe un ich bin los.

Wie ich jetzt awer zu der Soldate kumme bin, hot der Käptain fun der Kumbani mich gsalutet; er hot sei Daumer ins Ohr geschteckt und dann mit der Finger gwunke. Ich hab mei Daumer en bissel necher an die Naas glegt un hab ah mit der Finger gwunke.

Die Band hot agfange The Maypull Leaf Forever zu schpieler, und die 3,000,000 Soldate, die gmehnt hen, ich bin der Governor-Tschenneral fun Canada, hen Three cheers for der Mr. Laurier gewe.

Dei bis in den Dod gedreiher Freind
GRUNDSAUJERG.

Neustadt, August 18, 1909

Mister Glockemann!

I wrote you a couple of weeks ago that Groundhog George has taken a trip to Germany, and that he and Emperor William are old acquaintances, having attended in their younger years the same Sunday school.

Last Saturday I got a long personal letter from George. Since only his visit with the emperor is of interest to the readers, I have translated that part of his letter into High German for the benefit and edification of your subscribers.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

MAD DONKEY HOTEL

Berlin, Germany, Europe, August 9, 1909

Mr. Joseph Klotzkopp, Esq.,
Neustadt P.O., Normanby Twp., Grey County, Ontario, Dominion of Canada, British North America.
God Save the King.

My dear and loving friend Joe!

I am dipping my ink into the pen again in order to let you know how everything turned out in Berlin. You can't imagine what a big village this is. I believe for a fact that it is even larger than our Canadian Berlin, and at least seven times as big as Neustadt with Poorville added for good measure.

When I arrived at the station, I had my shoes polished by a boot-black in a saloon (they don't grease the shoes here any more with fish oil and tallow), picked up my carpetbag, and inquired where His Majesty, the Emperor, resided. A policeman pointed it out to me, and I can tell you, Joe, that I opened mouth and ears when I saw all that beauty and magnificence. The Walkerton Exhibition Buildings can't hold a candle to the emperor's royal imperial residence.

In front of the castle stood at least 3,000,000 soldiers; it was a line that would have stretched from the Neustadt brewery to Louis' Hotel, three-men deep. When I got to the gate of an iron fence, the captain of the guard drew his freshly-sharpened sword and swung it a couple of times under my nose. I, however, looked him straight into his pumpernickel face, and when he noticed that I was a British subject, he put his toad stabber back and asked me:

"What you want here?"

"I came to see my old friend Billy!" I answered.

* * *

"Billy who," he inquired, and his hair stood on end with fear and horror, because of my manner in addressing the emperor.

"Why, Emperor Billy, sure!" I said.

Before I could collect my thoughts, 10,000 soldiers crowded around me with butcher knives on their rifles, shouting "Shoot the ugly fellow! Beat his brains out!" and similar kinds of unchristian remarks.

The excitement increased by leaps and bounds and the band was about the play Die Wacht am Rhein, when suddenly a window opened on the 12th floor and a man with a white towel around his neck and his whole face covered with shaving cream, stuck his neck out.

"What the deuce is up again?" he wanted to know.

That, Joe, was the emperor, who was just shaving when he heard the uproar.

The captain of the guard took off his plug hat and said in German:

"May it please Your Majesty, but this dolt wanted to come up to your room without further ceremony. I immediately arrested him, because he wasn't dressed in Sunday attire, and perhaps his intention was to kill Your Majesty."

The emperor then fetched a miscroscope to examine me from top to bottom. Suddenly he began to laugh and said:

"That's the limit, why that's Groundhog George from Canada!"

"You bet your life, Billy," I answered, "it is me for sure!"

The emperor then said to the soldiers: "Let my friend Groundhog George through the ranks, I'll make it all right with you boys."

He took a whole handful of new halfpenny coins out of his pants' pocket and threw them to the crowd. While the soldiers were scrambling after the coins I sneaked into the house, where the emperor met me and shook hands with me.

His first question was: "How are things going with my old friend Joe Klotzkopp?"

"Your Majesty," I said, "I thank you for your kind inquiries, but things go faster with him than they come."

"The poor boob," said the emperor, "I believe for sure that things would have turned out better in his life if he had gotten a German woman as a wife. Well, tell him anyway, that when his letters are in the paper I take my crown off my head for a half hour and stop ruling the German Empire, until I have read them.

* * *

"Now George," said the emperor, "come into the dining room and have breakfast with me this morning."

"I don't care if I do," I answered, for by that time I was as hungry as a wolf.

The emperor then ordered the maid to bring a clean plate, and a knife and fork for me. I said: "Bring me only a plate and a knife, you don't have to dirty a fork on my account."

But the emperor shouted: "Yes, bring the fork along. What can George stir the sugar in his coffee with if he has no fork!"

After breakfast the emperor said: "George, you must now excuse me, for I am very busy today. Come to dinner tomorrow, I shall introduce you to the empress and to my whole family."

I said I couldn't promise for certain, but if I were still in Berlin, I would certainly come. Then we said farewell to each other and I left.

But when I came to the soldiers this time, the captain of the guard saluted me; he stuck his thumb in his ear and made his fingers wiggle. I put my thumb a little closer to my nose and also made my fingers wiggle.

The band began to play The Maple Leaf Forever, and the 3,000,000 soldiers, who believed that I was governor-general of Canada, gave three cheers for Mr. Laurier.

Your friend till death do us part,
GROUNDHOG GEORGE.

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The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

RITTINGER



KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 8. Oktober 1909

Mister Glockemann!

Der anner Dag hab ich aus Deitschland en Brief fum Grundsaujerg kriegt. Es gfallt ihm so gut in seim alte Fadderland, dasz er konkluded hot, noch en Munat länger zu bleiwe, eb er widder in sei Mutterland zurickkummt. Enklosed findscht Du ah sei Riport, iwer sei zwetter Besuch beim Kaiser, der for sich selwert schwetzt, so dasz weitere Rimarks fun meiner Seit net nethig sin.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTKOPP, Esq.

Berlin, Tschermöny, 21. Sept. 1909

Mei liewer un sieszer Freind Joe!

Am neckschte Morge, nochdem ich bei meim alter Freind, dem Tschörman Emperor gekahlt hab, un grad domit bissy wor, mei Karpetsack zu packe, um der neckscht Drehn noch Bopfingen zu nemme, un mei bucklige Freindschaft dort zu bsuche, hot uf emol der Telephone grunge.

"Hello," hab ich uf Deitsch gerufe, "was is der Mätter?"

"Is sell dich, Jerg?" is es dann fun der anner Seit kumme.

"You bet your life," hab ich gsagt, "wer hot mich ufgekahlt?"

"Ei, kennscht mich net, Jerg? Es is der Tschörman Emperor und Kenig fun Preiszen."

"So, so," hab ich gsagt, "ich hab doch glei gmehnt, Billy, ich deht dei Schtimm kenne. Well, was gebt's neies heit Morge?"

"Net viel," hot der Kaiser druf geänsert, "ich hab letscht Nacht net gut gschlofe. Der King fun England, was der Pedderich fum Kronprinz seim eltschter Buh is, hot ihm geschtern en Box Kändies gschickt, un do druf hot der klee Keip so Bauchweh kriegt, dasz mei Frah, was die Empresz is, die ganz Nacht ufghockt hot, um ihm Kamillethee zu koche un rothe Flanell-lappe uf's Kreiz zu lege. Zwische mir un dir, Jerg, es kumme mir ken englische Kändies meh in's Haus. In Futscher hot der klee Prinz Bumbernickel, roh Schunkefleesch un Schpeck zu esse wie mir ah, sell is besser for sei royal imperial Mage wie so englische Schleckereier.

"Was ich awer sage wott, Jerg," hot der Emperor gmehnt, is, dasz du heit Mittag zum Esse ruf kummscht. Die Empresz is ganz närrisch un neischierig, for dich zu miethe. Nau, mach ihr die Blesir, un kumm."

"All right dann, Billy," hab ich gsagt, "ich kumm, awer ihr braucht eich wege mir net extra zu richte."

* * *

Gege 12 Uhr mittags is dann em Kaiser sei preivat Wager vor em Hotel "Zum Wüthigen Esel" agfahre kumme. Es wore sechs schneeweisze Hengscht dra gschpannt, un der Knecht, wo sie gdriwe hot, hot en rothe Kittel mit Bräs Buttons, grad wie die Walkertoner Band, gewore, exsept dasz er sei Hosse in der Schtiffel ghat hot un ah Hensching gwore hot, obglei es so warm wie im Juli wor.

Der Hassler fum Hotel is ruf in mei Schtub kumme un hot mir gsagt, dasz em Kaiser sei doppelsitzige Kärritsch unner am Seitweg uf mich worte deht. Ich hab ihn nunner gschickt, um em Knecht zu sage, dasz ich bal ferdig wer, un er die Geil juscht en poor Minute ahbinne sott, ich deht ihn dann in der Bärschtub miethe.

Wie ich runner kumme bin, hab ich ihn uf Deitsch gfrogt, "what will you have?"

"Ich drink heit morger en Krumbiereschnaps," hot er gsaht, un wie ich mei Pocketbuch rausgnumme hab, um den Triet zu bezahler, hot er gmehnt, "never mind, du bischt jetzt schun em Emperor sei Gascht, un die Drinks gehen uf tscheneral Expenses, des deitsch Volk hot die Privelitsch un Blesir, dei Drinks zu bezahler."

Er hot mich dann in en Eck fun der Bärschtub gnumme un gsagt, ich sott jo net vergesse, der Hut abzunemme, wann ich im Emperor sei Sitting Ruhm kumm, un ken Duwacksbrieh uf der Offe oder Flohr schpauer, weil die Empresz afangt en alte Frah zu werre un nimme so gut skrubbe kennt wie in ihrer junge Johre. Ah sott ich beim Esse net rilpser, un ken silwerige Leffel usw. als Agedenk mitnehme.

* * *

Mir sin jetzt losgschtert, un wie mir dorch die Schrtosze gfahre sin, hen die Leit mich ageglotzt, als ob ich en vorsindfluthliches Kameel wär, un hen gekrische, "Three Tschiers for der Groszherzog fun Mecklenburg-Schtrelitz!" Ich hab der Daume fun meiner rechter Hand en bissel links fum rechte Ohr an die Naas gelegt un gsalutet, grad wie am Dag vorher.

Mir sin hinnig durch die Lehn fum Kaiser seim Blatz gfahre, so dasz mir die drei Millioner Soldate un den groszfiehliger Käptain net widder hen miethe brauche, un sin schtracks dorch die Kich in die Sitting Ruhm, wo der Kaiser un die Empresz, die Prinze un die ganz Kraut schun uf mich geword hen.

Der Emperor hot mich jetzt der Empresz introduced:

"Auguschte Victoria," hot er gsagt, "des is mei alter Freind Grundsaujerg aus Normanby, in County Grey, Ontario, Dominion von Canada, der eenzig lewig Mensch, der mich jemols abgeklobbt hot." (Die Schtori fun sellem Kerscherbahm, fun der ich dir verzehlt hab, hot er doch noch net vergesse ghat).

"How tschu do, Madam Empresz," hab ich uf deitsch gsagt.

"Nix zu klage un net viel zu bräcker, du kannscht dir denke, [illegible] sei Lascht un Druwel hot."

"Well," hab ich gsagt, "Your Majesty, nix for ungut, awer ma sehts Eich net ah, dasz Ihr schun so en groszer Haufe Kinner gerehst hen."

"Ach," hot sie geänsert, "du Schmeichler, geh mir aweg, du mehnscht's jo doch net."

"Schur" hab ich gsagt, "Eier Mäjesty misse emol en verflickst sauwer Weibsmensch in Eier junge Johre gwest sei, des kann mer heit noch sehne, un ich bin en Judge in denne Sache."

Die Maad hot jetzt die Zwiwelsupp reigbrocht, un ich hab mich am Disch zwische der Emperor un die Empresz hocke misse.

"Alle Achtung, Your Mäjesty," hab ich gsagt, "zu dere Supp hot Eier Maad ah mehner wie ehn Eszleffel voll Schmälz un 3 Pfund Rindsknoche gejuhst. Mit so ehme Süppche kennt mer jo die Dodte ufwecke."

Der Emperor hot jetzt der Bier-Pitscher rumgepäszt, un nochdem ich en Poor Glas dafu neigebloose ghat hab, is mirs kreizfidel wore un ich hab mich beim Kaiser so daheem gfiehlt, wie im Loui seiner Bärschtub in der Neischtadt. En anner Servant Görl hot zwee grosze Schissler voll Hahnerfleesch un Saufleesch gbrocht.

* * *

Des Bier hot Abbedit gemacht un ich hab die Empresz gfrogt, sie sott so gut sei, un mir noch emol der Krumbieresalat lange. Ich sag dir was, Joe, uf dem wore ken Mucke, un wie die Empresz gfrogt hot, wie er mir schmecker deht, hab ich gsagt, "may it blease Your Mäjesty, awer gege so en Krumbieresalat kann der Schepp Kathrine' ihrer ken Licht hewe!"

Der Emperor hot mir gsagt, ich sott mich juscht nett genierer un grad duh als ob ich daheem wär.

"You bet your life, Billy!" hab ich geänsert, "so en Esse gönnt en Hund seiner Mutter net, un besser kann's mei Alte ah net."

Jetzt is der Wein kumme, un Joe, I tell you what, der wor kreftig genug, um die Flöh fun der Lewer zu blose un enniger Weg dreimal schtärker wie em Latwerg-Schneider sei Cider, fun dem er drei Fasz uf ehns eigekocht hot.

En Schtick Wegs nunner am Disch hot der british Embässedor un der deitsch Chancellor apposit ananner ghockt. Die Zwee wore arig freindlich zu sich ins Gesicht; ich hab awer genotist, dasz sie sich unnerm Disch die ganz Zeit die Schinns verkickt hen. Der Kaiser hot's ah genotist, er hot awer geduh

Continued next column

als ob er's net sehne deht, so dasz ken Krieg zwische Deitschland un Great Britain ausbreche duht.

Wie noch em Esse der Groszherzog vun Baden-Baden three Tschiers for der Emperor geproposed hot, hab ich mit meim schöner Bierbasz ah mit neigetschoint, dasz die Fenschterscheiwer juscht so gezittert hen. Ich säg dir was, Joe, wie ich Ferwell gnumme hab, wor's mir so wohl wie ehme lausige Säule, un es het net viel gfehlt, un ich wer em Kaiser um der Hals gfalle un hett ihn geboszt, wie er un sei Unkel fun England als dihne, wenn sie ananner Good Bye gewe.

Eb ich fort bin, hot der Emperor mich in sei Schtub gnumme un mir aus seiner Privat-Schatullje $2.00 mitgewe, for die "Glocke" uf's neckscht Johr zu bezahle. Er hot gmehnt, er deht dodobei 10 Pfennig schporer, un bei so ehre grosze Familie, wie er het, miszt er uf jeder Kubber Acht gewe.

Wie ich dann mit ihm un der Empresz Händs geschekt hab, hen sie alle beed noch gsagt, ich sott's Widderkumme net vergesse, un mei Alte, un ganz abbadich dich, fun ihne grieszer.

Es winscht dir dessehm, Dein bis in der Dod gedreiher Freind,
GRUNDSAUJERG.

Neustadt, October 8, 1909

Mister Glockemann!

The other day I got a letter from Groundhog George from Germany. He likes it so well in the old fatherland that he has decided to stay another month before he returns to his motherland. Enclosed you will find his report about his second visit with the emperor, which incidentally needs no elaboration, so that further remarks by me are not necessary.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Berlin, Germany, September 21, 1909

My dear and loving friend Joe!

The morning after I had called on my old friend, the German emperor, and was in the act of packing my carpetbag to take the next train to Bopfingen in order to visit my hunch-backed relatives there, the telephone rang.

"Hello," I said in German, "what's up?"

"Is that you George?" came a voice from the other end.

"You bet your life," I said "who is calling me?"

"Well, don't you know me, George? It is the German emperor and the king of Prussia."

"Well, well," I said, "I thought right away, Billy, that I knew your voice. Well, what's new this morning?"

"Not much," answered the emperor, "I didn't sleep well last night. The king of England, who is the godfather of the eldest son of the crown prince, sent him a box of candies yesterday, after which the little rascal got such a stomach ache, that my wife, that is the empress, had to sit up all night in order to boil camomile tea for him, and put red flannel compresses on his back. Between me and you, George, no more English candies will be allowed in my house. In the future the little prince will eat pumpernickel, raw ham and bacon just like the rest of us. That is better for his royal, imperial stomach than English sweets.

* * *

But what I wanted to say, George, is thta you are coming up for dinner today. The empress is simply crazy and curious to meet you. Now please do her the honor and come."

"All right then, Billy," I said, "but you don't have to go to any extra trouble on my account."

Around 12 noon the emperor's private coach drove up in front of the Mad Donkey Hotel. It was drawn by six white stallions, and the hired man, who drove them, had on a red jerkin with brass buttons, just like the Walkerton town band, except that he had his trousers pushed into his boots and was wearing gloves, although it was as warm as in July.

The hotel hostler came to my room and told me that the emperor's two-seated carriage was waiting for me below in the side street. I sent him down to tell the hired man that I would soon be ready, and that he should tie up the horses for a few minutes, I would then meet him in the bar-room.

When I came down I asked him in German, "What will you have?"

"I'll have a potato whisky this morning," he said, and when I took out my pocket-book to pay for the treat he said, "never mind, you are already now the emperor's guest, and the drinks are covered under general expenses. The German people have the privilege and pleasure to pay your drinks."

He then took me into a corner of the bar-room and said I should not forget to take off my hat when I came into the emperor's sitting room. Also not to spit tobacco juice on the stove or the floor because the empress is beginning to be an old lady, and was not able to scrub as well as in her younger days. During the meal I should not belch and also not take silver teaspoons, etc., along as souvenirs.

* * *

We now set out and as we drove through the streets the people stared at me as if I were an antediluvian camel, and shouted, "Three cheers for the grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz!" I put the thumb of my right hand a little left of my right ear, close to my nose, and saluted, just as on the previous day.

We drove through the lane behind the emperor's place, so that we did not again have to meet the 3,000,000 soldiers and the haughty captain, and went directly through the kitchen into the sitting-room, where the emperor, the empress, the princes and the whole crowd were already waiting for me.

The emperor now introduced me to the empress.

"Augusta Victoria," he said, "this is my old friend Groundhog George from Normanby, Grey County, Ontario, Dominion of Canada. He is the only living person who ever beat me up." (The story of that cherry tree, of which I told you, he had not yet forgotten).

"How do you do, Madam Empress," I said in German.

"I have little to complain about and not much to brag about; you may imagine, George," she said, "the work and worry one has with such a large family."

"Well," I said, "Your Majesty, no harm meant, but you show no outward sign of having raised such a flock of children."

"Oh," she answered, "you flatterer, go away, but you don't mean it."

"Certainly," I said, "Your Majesty must have been a darned good looker in your younger years. One can still see that and I am a good judge of such matters."

The maid now brought in [illegible] down at the table between the emperor and the empress.

"With all due respect, Your Majesty," I said, "for this soup your maid certainly used more than a tablespoon of shortening and three pounds of beef bones. With such a soup one could awaken the dead."

* * *

The emperor now passed the beer-pitcher around the table, and after I had guzzled a couple of glasses of it, I became so completely uninhibited and felt just as much at home at the emperor's house as at Louis' bar-room at Neustadt. Another maid brought two large bowls of chicken and pork.

The beer had given me appetite, and I asked the empress to be so good and pass me a second helping of potato salad. I'll tell you, Joe, there were no flies on that salad, and when the empress asked me how it tasted, I said, "may it please Your Majesty, but crooked Kathrine's potato salad couldn't hold a candle against this one!"

The emperor told me not to be bashful and to make myself completely at home.

"You bet your life, Billy!" I answered, "a dog wouldn't begrudge his mother a meal like this, and my old lady couldn't make a better one either."

Now the wine came, and Joe, I tell you what, it was strong

Continued next column

enough to blow the fleas away from the liver and in any case three times stronger than Apple-butter Schneider's cider, which he had boiled down from three barrels to one.

A piece down the table sat the British ambassador and the German chancellor on opposite sides of the table. The two were quite friendly to each other over the table, but I noticed that they were continually kicking each other's shins under the table. The emperor noticed it too, but he pretended not to see it, so that no war should break out between Germany and Great Britain.

* * *

When after the meal the grand duke of Baden-Baden proposed three cheers for the emperor, I joined in with my beautiful beer bass, so that the window-panes rattled. I tell you, Joe, when I said goodbye, I was as contented as a lousy little pig, and I came close to falling on the emperor's neck and kissing him, as he and his uncles from England do when they say good-bye to each other.

Before I left, the emperor took me into his room and gave me $2 out of his private purse to pay for the Glocke for the coming year. He said that he would save 10 pennies by doing so, and that with such a large family as he has one must keep one's eye on every penny.

Then I shook hands with him and the empress, and both of them said I should not forget to come again, and they sent greetings to my old lady, and particularly to you.

I wish you the same, your friend till death do us part.
GROUNDHOG GEORGE

LONE ENGLISH WINNER

Book on Laurier Gets Quebec Prize

QUEBEC (CP) — Joseph Schull, author of a recent book on Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has been awarded a $2,500 prize by the Quebec department of cultural affairs.

Mr. Schull, who lives in St. Eustache, Que., published his book about the late prime minister under the title, Laurier, The First Canadian.

His work was entered in the English - language "works of scholarship" section of a general competition for a variety of new works.

Mr. Schull, 56, is the author of a number of books, short stories, plays and poems. In 1950, he published The Far Distant Ships, an account of Canadian naval operations in the Second World War.

The author was the only English-speaking Quebecer to receive a prize in this year's competition, involving candidates who are Quebec residents.

In one other category of the awards list reserved for English-speaking contestants, involving "works of imagination," no prize was awarded this year.

TWO AREAS BLANK

In two of the sections reserved for French-speaking authors, no prizes were awarded. There were nine prize winners in sections reserved for French-speaking Quebecers.

A total of 133 authors were entered in the competition.

All prizes bring an award of $2,500. The awards, presented on Thursday, were made for "scientific and literary" works published between June 1, 1965, and April 30, 1966.

In the "imaginative works" division of the French-language section, Claire Martin won an award for her novel, Dans un gant de fer (In an Iron Glove).

In a second category of this section, Roland Giguere won a prize for his collection of poetry, l'Age de la parole (The Age of the Word).

Monique Corriveau and Lucille Durand both won prizes in the children's literature section of the imaginative works category.

Mrs. Corriveau's book is called Maitre de messire (Master's Master) and Mrs. Durand's Togo, apprenti - remorqueur (Togo, the Apprentice Tugboat).

PRIZE SHARED

In the section reserved for works of scholarship, prizes for essays on literature and art went to Pierre de Grandpre and Nicole Deschamps.

Mr. de Grandpre submitted a volume called Dix ans de vie litteraire (Ten Years of Literary Life) and Miss Deschamps a book dealing with a Norwegian woman novelist. This was called Sigrid Undset ou la morale de la passion (Sigrid Undset or the Morality of Passion).

In a section comprised of works of history, biography and geography, a prize went to Marcel Trudel for the second volume of his Histoire de la Nouvell France (History of New France).

Among works dealing with the "human sciences," Gerard Bergeron's Fonctionnement de l'etat (The Functioning of the State) took the $2,500 prize.

In a section devoted to studies in law, morality and religious thought, Rev. Marc Renault won.

MY ANSWER

By Billy Graham

I'm just a mixed-up kid and I need help. My parents are separated and I am living with a grandmother who is old. I am involved with a lot of guys who are going off the deep end. I want to go straight but cannot find any one to help. Please tell me what to do. R.Y.

I wish I could talk to you face to face. You are like so many others who have found the kicks you expected have a deadly kick-back. You wrote to me, a preacher, so you will have to pardon my preaching to you.

There is God's love for you, Bob, and for all the rest of the gang. God loves you so much He did something about it. He knows about all the sins you have committed and how they leave you guilty and unhappy.

But He does not stop with knowing. He has done something for you. The Bible tells us that the results of sin is death—spiritual death — separation from God. But God sent His Son to die on the cross, not to show you a perfect life but to show you a perfect way out for your sins.

On that cross, Christ died for you, Bob, and all you have to do is thank Him for it and trust Him as your Saviour. There will be tough times ahead but God does not leave us alone. You will find that the Christ who died for you now lives for you! Let Him be your friend.

Talk to Him. Ask Him for help. Ask Him to give you the victory when temptation comes. Give Him a try and you will find that He has the answers for you.

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The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


RITTINGER


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 3. November 1909

Mister Glockemann!

Nix for ungut, awer so kreizdumm wie du ausguckscht, bischt du grad aah net. Wie du mir do kerzlich gschriwe hoscht, du wotscht mir emol en Show gewe, Akkaunds for the "Glocke" zu kollekte, hab ich bei mir selwert gedenkt, Joe, jetzt hoscht du awer ehmol en Tchab, bei dem du ganz leicht un ohne dasz du dich viel zu druweler und zu Tod ärgere brauscht, dei Lewe mache kannscht; so en Zeiding halte juscht Tchendelmänner, un alles, was du zu duhn brauchscht, is dei Akkaund zu presente un's Geld in der Sack zu schtocke. (Iwer den Point awer hab ich jetzt en annere Opinion).

Aah hab ich mich iwer dei Liberälity gewunnert, dasz du mir glei 25 Prozent Commission geaffert hoscht, un ich doch wees, was for en Geizkrippel du bischt. Mei bloh Aag, das ich fun ehme Bierwerth kriegt hab, fangt schun ah gehl zu werre un die gebroche Ripp, die ich ehme Butscher zu verdanke hab, werd, wie der Doktor sagt, in en poor Dag ah widder allreit sei, so dasz es dann widder los geh kann, provided, du nemmscht en Accident-Policy raus.

So wie du mich desmohl, ohne mir Warning zu gewe, mit deine 25 Prozent drah gkriegt hoscht, kriegst mich nimme drah. Biseids möcht ich ah en doppelleefige Schrotflint, en guszeisiger Scherm un en poor Pund Bahmwolle for mei Ohre zuzuschtoppe, ausbitte.

* * *

Der erscht Kostomer, uf den ich gekahlt hab, wor en Undertäker, der sechs Johr und drei Munat schuldig wor. Wie ich ihm die Rechning gepresented hab, hot er gsagt, "nix do, wie ich die 'Glocke' beim 'Glockemann' beschtellt hab, wor er willens, die Zeiding in Treed rauszunemme, un dodobei bleibt's. Sag ihm, ich bin reddy for ihn, ehniger Dag. Un was noch mehr is, wie sei letscht Zwillingspoor gschtorwe is, is er zu meim Opposischenmann gange, schtatt zu mir. Scheene Kundschaft des!"

Ich hab dem Leichemichel gsagt, ich wott dir schreiwe, dasz der eenzig Weg wie du zu deim Geld kumme kennscht, wär, wann du dich hinlegscht un fun dem erdischer Jammerdahl Fährwell nemmscht. Jetzt kannscht du's mache, wie du witt!

Der neckscht Kostomer, der uf meim Sinderegister gschtanne hot, wor en Bierwerth. Erscht hab ich of course emol getriet, sunscht kann ma jo iwerhaapt mit dene Kerl ken Bisnisz duh. Wie er sich dann 's Maul mit seim Hemdsärmel abgebutzt ghat hot, hab ich ihm mei Bill fun $4.50 gewe.

Des is grad weggschmisse Geld, meent er, un hot die poor Grosche hinnig em Caunter beguckt, worscheents ob er net en counterfitt halwe Dahler dabei sehe deht, wo er mir vielleicht uffhenge kennt. Ich wor awer mischteken, do er mir wedder gut noch falsch Geld gewe hot. Ich hab deiner Inschtruckschens gemäsz 's Maul ghalte, un sie noch emol ufgesetzt, for ich hab rimembered, was du mir eigschärft hoscht: Losz sie juscht schimpfer, wann sie juscht bleche. Wie er sei Glas ausgedrunke un 's Geld in die Kripp gschteckt ghat hot, hot er widder agfange: "Es schteht iwerhaabt nix in eirem lausige Päper!" Bei dere Expreschen "lausig" is mir dann doch der Kamm gschwolle. "Excuse mich," hab ich geänsert, "ich will kennswegs fresch oder impertinent sei, awer so ebbes kann juscht en Rindsvieh sage. Do liffert mer eich for 3 Cents die Woch, 50 Cents werth Verschtand, en Reiwergschicht un Love-Story for die alte Frah, Rezepte wie ma Krehaage, Rhumatis, Flöh, Wanze, Worze und anner Ungeziffer vertreiwer kann, un zudem noch genug Pabier, dasz ma net juscht alleenig alle Preservs- un Latwergheffer domit zubinne kann, sonnern dasz ah noch genug iwer bleibt for Hosser- und annere Muschter draus zu schneider. Un wann dann der Zeidungsdrucker en poor Johr uf sei Geld gewohrt hot, werd ma aah noch abused. Mir werre dei Name iwerhaabt auskratze, do mir net gleiche Kafferer uf unserer Subschkribschenlischt zu habe."

* * *

Domit hab ich die Bährschtubdiehr zugschlage un bin ford.

Der Dritt, den ich mit meiner Presens beglickt hab, wor en arig feiner un heeflicher Tschentelmann. "Helloh, Mister Klotzkopp," hot er gsagt. "Sie kumme gewisz (der Kerl hot des schun geheert ghat) mit dere klee Bill fun der 'Glocke.' Des freit mich werkwerdig; des is die bescht Zeiding, was ich im Haus hab; ich möcht ken Schtund uhne des Päper sei. Awer heit hab ich grad ken klee Chänge. Kumm am Neijohrsdag morgerts so um about 8 Uhr oder dort rum, un sie werd prampt gsettelt. Neh! die 'Glocke,' liewer es letscht Hemd fum Leib, die losz ich net geh. Well, good bye, Mister Klotzkopp — sunscht geht's doch noch gut?"

Sei Frah hot mir dann die Schteek runner heemgleicht.

Wie ich jetzt uf die Schtrosz kumme bin, hab ich en junger Deitscher gemieht un ihn gfrogt, ob er net gleiche deht, uf die "Glocke" zu subskreiber. "Neh," hot er geänsert, "mei old man un die alt Frah wore dutsch, awer ich bin en Britischer, un kann konsequently ah net deitsch lese; des Englisch geht in dere Country vor."

Ich hab ihm gsagt, ma wär nie zu alt zum lerne, un er sott ehmol en Trial mit der Zeiding mache.

"Neh," meent er dodruf, "ich hab net mehner Juhs for en dutsch Päper, wie en Schoof hot for an Pohhahnerfedder."

"Allreit," hab ich ihm zur Antwort gewe, "des is alles Gschmacksach, wie die alt Frah gsagt hot, wie sie ihren Geesbock geboszt hot."

Dodruf bin ich zu ehme Butscher. "Was?" sagt der, "schun widder zwee Dahler. Ich hab jo erscht for zwei Johr zurick zwee Dahler bezahlt, glahbt ihr dann, dasz ich en Millionär bin?"

* * *

Ich hab ihn mache sei Resieht weisze. Er hot ah geblecht— lauter 5 Centschticker, und dobei ferchterlich geschimpft. Die Leit sotte mehner Suppefleesch, Lung und Lewer esse, mehnt er, un weniger Zeiding lese, dann wär die Welt besser ab. Iwerhaabt deht in der Schteetser deitscher Zeidinger drei Mol mehner Leeseschtofft schteh wie in der "Glocke."

"Excuse Sie mich," hab ich gsagt, "awer of course erscht mei Geld, des erscht, was ich an dem Dag gsehne hab, in der Sack gschteckt — erlaawe Sie gfälligscht, awer en Hund schwitzt ah mehner wie en Nachtigall, un wann en Butscher was schreiwer sott, was ergend en Werth hot, miszt es e Check sei, for sei annere literarische Erwet gewe mir Zeidingsleit — un dabei hab ich mei Bruscht zwee Zoll heeher rausgedrickt— ken rother Cent net."

Wie ich widder zu mir kumme bin, wor ich in ehre Apodeek, wo der Doktor gsagt hot, ich het merkwerdigerwees juscht ehn Ripp gebroche — hoffentlich wor's en Schpär-Ripp.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neustadt, November 3, 1909

Mister Glockemann!

No harm meant, but you are certainly not as abysmally stupid as you look. When you wrote me a short time ago that you wanted to let me have a go at collecting accounts for the Glocke, I thought to myself, Joe, now at last you have a job in which you can make your living easily and without much trouble to yourself, and without worrying yourself to death. Only gentlemen subscribe to such a paper, and all you have to do is to present your account and stick the money in your pocket (about this latter point I now have quite a different opinion).

I was also amazed at your generosity in offering me a 25 per cent commission, particularly when I know what a miserable miser you are. The black eye which I got from an ale-house keeper is beginning to turn yellowish, and the broken rib, for which I have to thank a butcher, will, according to the doctor, be all right again in a few days. I can start out again soon, provided you take out an accident policy on me.

Never again will you catch me with your 25 per cent offer as you did this time. In addition, I am going to ask for a double-barrelled shotgun, a cast iron umbrella and a few pounds of cotton batten to plug my ears.

* * *

The first customer on whom I called was an undertaker who was six years and three months in arrears. When I presented him with the bill, he said, "Nothing doing, when I ordered the Glocke from the Glockemann I was willing to take the newspaper in trade, and that's the way it's going to stay. Tell him I'll be ready for him any day. And what is more, when his last pair of twins died, he went to my competitor instead of to me. Nice customer he is!"

I told Mortician Mike I would write you and tell you that the only way you could get your money was to lay down and say farewell to this earthly vale of tears. Now you can do what you want!

The next customer on my list of delinquents was an ale-house keeper. The first thing I did in his case was to set them up, without that you can't do any business with those fellows. After he had wiped his mouth with his shirt sleeve, I gave him the bill for $4.50.

This is money thrown away, he said, and examined the few farthings behind the counter, probably hoping to find a counterfeit 50-cent piece among the lot which he might pawn off on me. But I was mistaken, as there was neither good nor bad money there.

* * *

But true to your instructions, I kept my mouth shut, and called for another round of drinks, for I remembered your admonition: let them rage, but get their money. After he had emptied the glass and stuck the money in his pocket, he began again: "There is never anything in your lousy paper!" At the word "lousy" my temper got the better of me.

"Excuse me," I answered, "I don't want to be bold or impertinent, but only a dunce would say something like that. You get," I said, "for three cents per week, 50 cents worth of good sense, a cock-and-bull story, a love story for the old lady, hints about how to get rid of corns, rheumatism, fleas, bedbugs, warts and other vermin, and, in addition, enough paper to tie up not only all the preserve and apple butter crocks, with enough left over to cut out pants and other patterns. And after the newspaper publisher waits a couple of years for his money, he is met with abuse. We will simply scratch out your name, since we don't like to have simpletons on our subscription list."

With that I banged the barroom door and left.

The third one whom I favored with my presence was quite a fine and polite gentleman.

* * *

"Hello, Mr. Klotzkopp," he said. "No doubt you have come (the fellow already had advance notice) with your little bill for the Glocke. This pleases me greatly; it is the best paper I have in the house; I wouldn't like to be without that paper for a single hour. But today I have no small change. Come on New Year's morning around eight o'clock or thereabouts and the bill will be promptly paid. Indeed! the Glocke; I would rather give up my last undershirt. I certainly won't give it up. Well, good-bye, Mr. Klotzkopp — you are otherwise well, aren't you?"

His wife then showed me down the stairs.

When I got out on the street again I met a young German and asked him if he wouldn't like to subscribe to the Glocke.

"No," he answered, "my old man and my old woman were Dutch, but I am a Britisher and consequently cannot read German. English is the leading tongue in this country."

I told him that one is never too old to learn, and he should give our newspaper a whirl.

"No," he answered, "I have no more use for a Dutch paper than a lamb for a peacock feather."

"All right," I said, "that is a matter of taste, as the old lady said when she kissed her billy-goat."

After that I went to a butcher. "What," he said, "you want $2 so soon again? Why, I just paid $2 two years ago, do you think that I am a millionaire?"

* * *

I told him to show me his last receipt. He shelled out—nothing but five-cent pieces, cursing all the time. People should eat more soup-meat, lung and liver, he said, and read fewer newspapers. The world would be better off for it. In any case there was three times more reading material in the American German newspapers than in the Glocke.

"Excuse me," I said—but of course I first stuck the money in my pocket, the first money which I had seen that day — "please permit me to remark that a dog sweats more than a nightingale, and if a butcher were to write something of any value, it would have to be a cheque, for his other literary work we journalists—and I inflated my chest by an extra two inches — wouldn't give a red cent.

When I came to again, I was in an apothecary's shop, where the doctor said I had, strange to say, only one broken rib — I hope it was a spare-rib.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 17. November 1909

Mister Glockemann!

Ich notefei dich domit, dasz ich mei Tschab als Kollektor for die "Glocke" ufgeschmisse hab. Du weescht, ich kann eenig ebbes schtände, fum kammanschte Rotgut Schwamm-Whiskey ufwärts, awer for en Newspäper bei Bierwirth zu kollekter, des kann sogar mei Mage, der schun uff verschiedene Viehschows es blooh Ribbon, uf der Northern Exhibition in Walkerton die Silbermedell un in Mildmay en honoräbel Menschon gkriegt hot, net schtände.

Biseits hab ich bei meiner letscher Tribb aah zum erschter Mol ausgefunne, dasz mei Haut, die doch nich nie grad aarig dinn wor, for seller Purpos noch lang net dick genug is — so dasz ich noch Gefohr laafe kennt, in die Jail zu kumme, was du mir doch schur aah net winsche dehtscht.

* * *

Nee, ich hab des ganz Bisnisz dick und satt. Do kann ma jo indied Leis kriege vor Aerger, sich die Gorgel absaufe, die Been ablaafe, die Lung aus em Hals schwetze, die Hoor rausreisze und aus der Haut fahre, wann ma mit so ehre kleener Akkaund kummt, fun dere ma wenigschtens schun zwee Drittel gschpend hot, un dann noch die Grobheite un Schimpfereier mit ahheere musz, mit denne ehm der Schtandpunkt kloor gmacht werd. Ma kummt sich zuletscht viel ehnter wie en Knecht in eh Hospital, als wie en Kollektor vor.

Mei eitemeist Bill wer ich Dir ehns fun denne Dage rausmache; es wäre noch so about siwerzehn Dahler sei, die ich noch fun Dir zu kriege hab. Ich will awer vorleefig heit juscht emol mei tschenerell Riport feiler:

Akkaunts presented		769
Net daheem	107	
In der Jail	2	
Hen jetzt ken Geld	76	
Hen iwerhaapt kens	112	
Soll nächschte Herbst kumme	99	
Die Schtepps nunner gfloge	17	
Invited worre in die (du weescht jo wohl) zu geh	103	
En bloohes Aag krigt fun	2	
Ausgedeehlt	7	
Die Kombination fun der Säfe vergesse	13	
Der Bookkieper net daheem	37	
Wolle rumschicke	132	
Abgeleegnet	15	
Mehne, sie hätte erscht letscht Woch bezahlt	32	
Removed noch Kingston, in care of Dominion Government	2	
Bezahlt (noch dozu en Unglickszahl)	13	
	769	769

Cash on Händ	$—
Drinks ufschreiwe losse	6.50
Extra Expenses:	
2 Poor Sohle un Fleck	5.50
Doktorbill	7.50
Court-Pflaschter un roh Beefsteck for's Aag	.75
Reigelweg-Tickets	2.30
Schmieres aus der Apodeek	1.00
	$23.55
Lesz ufgschriwene Drinks	6.50
Bälance due zu mir	$17.05

Der letscht Kostomer, bei dem ich gekahlt hab, wor en Liquor-diehler. "Hello Hannes!" hab ich gsaht, wie ich nei kumme bin, for mir sin alde Bekannte, "wie gehts?"

Er hot grod gschriewe, oder doch wenigschtens so geduh. Do hetschi awer emol sehne solle, wie der so vornehm der Kopp noch mir rumgedreht hot, about hunnertmol so langsam, als wenn eener kumme wär un het eh halwe Gallon Rotgut beschtellt. Der hot glej geroche, dasz ich en Bill hab und doher die ferchterlich Vornehmduherei.

"Well," sagt er, "schun widder en Bill? Ihr hennt jo erscht vor vier Woche kollekt, oder hot bei eich des Johr zwölf Vertel? Iwerhaapt," sagt er, eh ich en Tschänz ghat hab, es Maul uffzumache, "des Päper is ken hohle Bohn werth. Der "Glockemann" hot gor ken Reschpekt for die älteschte un agesehenschte Settlers. Uff die poor lumpige Witz, die do drin schtehe, pfeif ich; fun dem Schund fun ehme Newspäper hab ich grad genug. Aah hot mei Mary Ann letscht Woch ihr Gebortsdag gfeiert, un dodofu wor ken Wort in eirem Schmierlappe gschtanne."

* * *

"Und I tell you what, ich hab mich seller Dag net lumpe losse (des wor ausnahmswees, hab ich gedenkt) un Wein ufgsetzt, der mich selwert en Dahler und sechs Schilling die Gall koscht (wann er die Wohrheit hätt sage welle, hätt er glei dazu gsagt: un den ich sunscht doch net meh verkaafe kennt.) Ich sag dir, Mr. Klotzkopp, an sellem Owet wor der Ludwig der Verzehnte gege mich der reene Dreck."

"Much obliged," hab ich gänsert, "ich kumm neckscht Woch widder, vielleicht hascht du bis dorthin die vier Dahler zusamme."

Die Experiens wor der letscht Schtrohhalm, der mir Kamehl der Buckel gbroche hot.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B.—Wie ich am Dienstag Owet mit der Cärs noch Hanover fohre wott, treff ich an der Station die Grundsaujergsin mit der Fuhr. Ich hab sie gfrogt, bis wann sie der Jerg inschpekte deht, un do hot sie gsagt, er kummt mit em neckscht Trehn. Ich hab sie dann gebettelt, sie sott beim Heinreich schtoppe, bis ich die Bänd un die Feier-Kumbani rauskriege kennt, um ihn zu sereneder, do mir all neischierig were, noch meh fun seiner Tripp noch Deitschland zu here.

Tripp noch Deitschland? hot dodruf die Grundsaujergsin gmehnt, ei der Jerg wor jo ga net draus in Deitschland, er hot juscht die letschte vier Munat uf ehre Segmihl beim Deitschländeln in Schmierkehs County gschafft.

Ich hab dogschtanne wie der Ochs am Berg, un wie ich noch fünf Minute widder zum Odem kumme bin, bin ich zu der Konkluschen kumme, dasz der Jerg es greescht Ligermaul is, das ich noch jemols agetroffe hab.

Es winscht der dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, November 17, 1909.

Mister Glockemann!

I am giving you notice herewith that I have thrown up my job as a collector for the Glocke. You know that I can stand almost anything from the most ordinary "rotgut" swamp whisky up, but to collect for a newspaper from ale-house keepers is more than my stomach can take, although it has taken a blue ribbon at sundry cattle shows; at the Northern Exhibition at Walkerton it took the silver medal, and in Mildmay it got honorable mention.

In addition I discovered for the first time during my last trip that my skin, which was never very thin, was not nearly thick enough for that purpose, so that I am taking the risk of landing in the lock-up and that I am sure would not meet with your approval.

No, I am sick and tired of the whole business. You could indeed get lice out of pure exasperation, drown yourself in alcohol, run your legs off, blabber your lungs out, tear out your hair and be driven mad when you come with such a measly account of which you have already spent two-thirds and then have to listen to all the rudeness and abuse in which the customers give vent to their point of view.

* * *

I am going to send you my itemized bill one of these days; it would be approximately $17 that you would have to shell out to me. I am only filing my general report today as follows:

Accounts presented		769
Not at home	107	
In jail	2	
Temporarily out of money	76	
Never have any	112	
Come next fall	99	
Thrown down the steps	17	
Invited to go to . . . (you know where)	103	
Given a black eye	2	
Handed out	7	
Forgot the combination of the safe	13	
Book-keeper not at home	37	
Will send it in	132	
Refused to accept	15	
Convinced tht they paid only last week	32	
Removed to Kingston, in care of federal government	2	
Paid (an unlucky number to boot)	13	
	769	769

Cash on hand	$—
Drinks on tick	6.50
Extra Expenses:	
2 pairs of shoe soles and patches	5.50
Doctor bill	7.50
Court plaster and beefsteak for my eye	.75
Rail tickets	2.30
Salve from the drugstore	1.00
	$23.55
Less drinks on tick	6.50
Balance due me	$17.05

The last customer on whom I called was a liquor dealer.

"Hello Jack," I said when I came in, for we are old acquaintances, "how are you?"

He was just then writing something or pretending to be. But you should have seen with what an air of superiority he turned his head toward me, about 100 times as slowly as when someone came to order a half gallon of "rotgut." He immediately smelled that I had a bill and consequently put on the exaggerated air of superiority.

"Well," he said, "are you coming with a bill again? Why you did just collect four weeks ago, or does the year have 12 quarters with you? In any case," he said, before I had a chance to open my mouth, "your newspaper isn't worth a plugged nickel. The Glockemann has no respect for the oldest and most distinguished settlers. I don't care a snap for the few miserable jokes in it; I've had enough of your wretched newspaper. Too, my Mary celebrated her birthday last week and not as much as a word about it appeared in your rag.

* * *

"And I tell you what, I didn't behave shabbily on that occasion (and that I thought to myself was an exception) and ordered wine, which cost me a dollar and six shillings per gallan (if he had wanted to tell the truth he would have added immediately: and which I could not sell any more in any case). I tell you, Mr. Klotzkopp, that evening Louis XIV was pure junk as compared to me."

"Much obliged," I answered, "I'll come again next week, perhaps you'll have the four dollars by then."

This experience was the last straw that broke the back of the poor camel that I am.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—As I was about to go to Hanover with the train on Tuesday evening, I met Groundhog George's wife at the station with her two-horse rig. I asked her when she expected George to be back and then she said he was coming with the next train. I then begged her to stop at Henry's place until I could muster the band and the fire company crew to serenade him, since we were all anxious to hear more about his trip to Germany.

Trip to Germany, Groundhog George's wife said, why George was not over to Germany, he just worked for the last months near New Germany (now Maryhill) in Cottage Cheese County (Waterloo).

I stood there like a duck in a thunderstorm, and after about five minutes when I had recovered my composure, I came to the conclusion that George was the greatest liar that I had met in my whole life.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

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Letter From Joe Klotzkopp Esq.

Neischtadt, 19. Tschänuary 1910.
Mister Glockemann!

Geschter Owet, wie 's so gschtermt hot un ich net ins Schtettel hab kenne, hab ich mei Peif mit Tschaduwack gfillt, die Akkordion rausgholt, mich uf die Holzkischt hinnig der Kicheoffe ghockt un widder emol der Lauterbacher gebräcktist, so dasz ich die schee deitsch Melodie jo net vergese duh. Dodobei sin mir allerleh Eidies dorch der Kopp gange un ich bin zu der Konkluschun kumme, dasz Undank der Welt Lohn is. Ich hab driwer nochgedenkt, wann emol mei Turn kumme deht, for en Government-Tschab zu kriege. Ich bin zwar ken Township-Politischen un ah ken Knight of Labor, wie viel fun unserer Partymenner, awer deswege will ma doch, wann ma so lang dorch dick un dinn zu seiner Pärty gschtocke hot, dasz sei Services ah recognised were. Well, selle Nacht had ich fun Schlange, Ratte un Krotte gedramt, un wan sell' als der Kehs bei mir is, un ich for em Bettgeh nix gedrunke hab, bedeids immer ebbes gutes.

Heit Middag, wie die Mildred fun der Schul kumme is, hot sie mir en Brief, mit em Poschtschtempel "Ottawa" in der ehner Eck, un "On His Majesty's Service", im annerer Korner gebracht. Du kannscht dir denke, wie do mei Herz geschumbt is. Sarah, hab ich gekrische, jetzt krieg ich endlich emol en Government-Office; lang mir emol schnell mei Sundagsrock un Schtofpeip. Ich musz glei ins Schtettel; dene Dropp do driwe, die glaawe, sie dehte mir Ehr ah, wann mer emol en Glas Bier mit ihne dringt, will ich jetzt weise, wo Barfel der Moscht holt; denne will ich emol en Licht ufschtecke, wer eegentlich der Mr. Joseph Klotzkopp, Esp., is. Sehscht den Brief do, mit dem offischell Envelope? So en Brief, hot die Sarah gmeent, kennt jeder kriege. Misses Klotzkopp, hab ich gsagt, excuse mich, du bischt, wie geweenlich, mischtäken; so en Brief schickt heitzudag der Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Esq., juscht an Schtaatsmenner erschter Klasz. Ich bin in ehre halwe Schtund widder daheem, un bis dort hi kannscht du dei Meind ufmache, ob ich der Tschab als Liquorinschpektor in Winnipeg oder als Emigreschunagent in Halifax ahnemme sott. Awer suite dich selwert, Misses Klotzkopp, du hoscht die ferscht Choice! Sie hot mich mit grosze Aage ageguckt un gsagt Schun widder! Never mind, hab ich gänsert, worts juscht ab bis ich redur kumm, dann werscht du uff ehme annere Loch pfeife.

Wie ich zum Loui neikumm, hen der Bohnerkreitelsepp, der Blutworschtnatz un der roth Hannes grad beisamme gsotze. Ich hab mich alleenig an en Disch ghockt un ken Wart gsagt. Des hot en grosze Impreschun uf die drei gmacht, was jo ah mei Intenschen wor. Joe, drinkscht en Glas Bier mit? sagt do der Blutworschtnatz merkwerdig poleit. Denn da weescht, Mr. Glockemann, wann ma's Maul halt un en dumm Gsicht macht, wie ich heit Nomiddag browirt hab, do hen so ehfeltige Kerl glei en ganz annerer Rischpeckt for ehm. Much obliged, Tschentelmen, hab ich gsagt, heit Nomiddag net. Loui bring mir en Imperial un Soda; Do hescht awer emol sehne selle, wie do die Kerl die Meiler ufgrisse hen.

Tschentelmenner, hab ich dann in ehrer diefe Bruschtton agfange, wann jetzt ehner unnig eich wär, wo en bissel Brains het, wär ich in ehre Posischen, ihm en Show zu gewe; awer wann ihr nur Bier saufe un eire beese Meiler schpazirer losse kennt, dann seit ihr gsättisfeid. Was verschteht ihr fun der hehere Schtätsmanship. Der roth Hannes, der Lumb, hot die annere ageguckt un mit der Hand vor der Aage rumgfuchtelt, als ob er Mucke kätscher wott; der Bohnerkreitelsepp hot geduh als wann er schmeiler wott, hot sich awer net recht getraut, und der Blutworschtnatz hot, wie gewoehnlich, en dumm Gsicht gmacht.

Tschentelmen, hab ich kontinued, no Schienaniken un ken faule Witz, sunscht bin ich for die Futscher opliged, wann ich emol fun Winnipeg oder Halifax aus doher uf Besuch kumme sott, eich nimme zu recogniser. Tschentelmen, sehe Sie den Brief do? Sehe Sie des Poschtschtempel, sehe Sie was ower links in der Eck gdruckt is? Hent ihr net ghoert, dasz der Laurier alle prominende Schtaatsmenner riwarder will? Of course net! Ihr guckt heckschtens emol in die Zeiding, um zu sehne, ob der Breis fum Saufleesch net noch heeher nufgeht. Well, jetzt ist der Turn for South-Grey kumme, un wer werd zuerscht fun denne hiesige Schtaatsmenner gekhalt? Eier Landsmann, Joe Klotzkopp, Esq., was zu der sehmer Zeit en Proof is, dasz der Laurier en Freind fum bessere deitsche Element is. Blutworschtnatz, sag ich dann, du sehscht, der Brief is noch net uff, ich wees awer doch, was drin schteht, weil ich schun telegraphische Informäschun hab; ich will en Proof fun meiner Konfidenz gewe, en Beweis, dasz mich en bissel Succesz net hochmithig un batzig macht, wie annere kleenliche Mensche. Blutworschtnatz, witt du so gut sei, den Brif ufmache un vorlese.

Der Natz hot dann sei Hornbrill rausgholt un glese.

Department of the Interior

Ottawa, 14. Tschänuäry 1910.
Mister Klotzkopp!

Ich wees net, ob du mich noch rimemberer werscht, awer wann du dich besinnscht, werd dir's gewisz eifalle, dasz ich dir vor siwe Johr zurick, wo du in Hanover in der Division Court gschuht worscht, uff en Aageblick, (wie du gsagt hoscht) finf Dahler gebumbt hab. Ich bin jetzt Clerk do im Palamentshaus mit $50 der Monat un schlecht ab. Du dehtscht mich konsequently arig obleidscher, wann du mir so bald wie möglich, die finf Dahler schicke dehtscht.

Yours, mit Gries,
John George Grabschmeyer.

Wie ich die Diehr naus kumme bin, weesz ich selwet nimme recht. Ich wees awer, dasz die Kerls so glacht hen, dasz es Haus beinoh zusammengeborzelt wär. Wann ich nor wiszt, was ich der Sárah sage sott, wann ich jetzt heem kumm. So en Frechheet fun so ehme Kerl, un so en Dummheit fun mir. Ich kennt mir grad die Hoor rausreiszer.

Es winscht dir desehm,
Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

Your First Roller Skate

By Dogrig

If you happen to feel blue some night or don't know what to do with yourself, go over to Bridgeport and have the time of your life, roller skating. You'll find individuals of every walk of life from little agile boys of seven and eight to old ladies shaking off their rheumatism hilariously enjoying life.

"Oh, but I can't skate," some poor stick-in-the-mud demurres. "I never roller skated in all my life. I'd make an awful mess of things."

Sure you would, for about fifteen minutes. Everybody's gone thru that stage, but you'll have your time splitting your sides on the hapless victims who for the first time on skates are waving their legs in the air, walking on their heads, and playing leap frog over sundry human articles deposited from time to time along their path.

'They've given you a wonderful show and by the time your blues are definitely postponed for future use, you're ready to try your luck, as you see the sprawling, ridiculous shuffle gradually graduate into a clean graceful stride.

So you'll call for your skates, and with one confident stride enter the rink. As you pick yourself up, you'll join with a grin in the delightful haw-haw's that have greeted your downfall from those who have good-naturedly joined in with you when they were down.

For about fifteen minutes, a fish out of water won't have anything on you, but roller skating's really fine when you get going, as you'll shortly find out. After that, you'll go again and again, and blues will be a thing of the past.

From the time you enter the rink, to the tune of the tinny piano, which, by the way, is never heard, to the time you "get" the stride, you'll hear the small and the tall, the thin and the fat, the old and the young, yelling with joyous abandon, "Oh, boy' ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

TO MAKE LOUD SPEAKER

An emergency loud speaker can easily be made by putting each telephone receiver of a headset in an ordinary china cup with the ear cap down. The